Lydia Ethel F. Painter.

UNDER EGYPT'S SKIES

BY

LYDIA ETHEL F. PAINTER

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FOREWORD

When I am asked, as I am sure to be, why I have written this little book about a land of which scribes, poets, historians and archaeologists have left no thought unsaid, no stone of research unturned, what answer shall I make? All the splendid work of these are as familiar to the world as Egypt's ruins to the sun; what answer?

It was a poor dwarf who loved a fine lady so well that one day, as he touched the tips of her fingers, he told her his love, and when treated in a summary fashion for his temerity he answered his questioners "why" with the whole simple truth—

"Because, I love her!"

a truth that has countless times been accepted as good excuse for just such temerity as that of the dwarf's—and mine; and if any find it an insufficient excuse for my touch of Egypt's finger tips, my confessions of a very real love for her, let them go for a winter's holiday to the Land of the Nile and there give themselves over to the inspirations of her skies.

L. E. F. P.

UNDER EGYPT'S SKIES

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Of this edition of Under Egypt's Skies, written by Lydia Ethel F. Painter, two hundred and fifty copies were privately printed for her son Kenyon V. Painter, and of them this is number 116.

THE NILE

THE NILE

IT is easy to become an enthusiastic devotee at the shrines of the centuries-gone, and doubtless the traveler's experiences are in every land beauty-enhanced by his imaginative ability to reconstruct the broken, the defaced, to raise them up from Time's disgrace and wrap them round with an ideal grace. If it is to Egypt the seeker of these shrines takes his way, he will everywhere feel the atmosphere of "a mighty past" enveloping him, everywhere the history of that past confronting him.

In marvelous attitudes of wonder and interest and beauty stand the roofless temple walls, the heaven-high pyramids, the hieroglyphiced obelisks; and none of these fit into the world's uniform niches of wonders. In colossal proportions they rise on the confines of a great desert, have the flow of a great river washing their base, and the rainless blue of earth's most splendid skies to preserve them. The shrines of Egypt lie along the one great artery of her life,

The Nile,

the charm of which is not easily defined.

"It flows through old, hushed Egypt and its sands
Like some grave mighty thought treading a dream."

There is no question as to what lends itself to the enhancement of the beauty of the rivers of the green world. The Tiber, the Rhine, and the Tweed break through and make picturesque the forest-crowned hills of their countries. Poets and Nature-lovers have sung of their individual charms, have hung their ruined castle walls with perennial romantic legend, and their historians have made record of wars that dyed their waters crimson. Nor is there question wherein lies the charm of the countless small rivers of the world, that leading through meadow and wildwood decoy us into haunts where the little folk of the wilderness make the "Paradise enow." These all bear on their flood an aroma of a past familiar in kinship. But how define the allurements of Egypt's river, coming from its mysterious source without any weave of Nature's familiar charms about it; flowing murmurless through desert sands past treeless heights; murmerless and mirthless its more than thousand miles to the sea? How define the curious and wholly mysterious charm of Egypt's river? It is the sky, the sun, the sands and the atmosphere that must answer; they are the wonder workers in the land of the Nile, they the achievers of a beauty unique and incomparable, the transmuters of the day's splendors from one phase of glory to another. One other ally only have these, that triumph of green which, down at the delta, begins with a wide spread to East and West and gradually narrowing accompanies the Nile far into the South, everywhere a

triumph of color, everywhere fresher than the green of any other land, everywhere its living emerald outlining the dull, solemn river's flow. If a bird's-eye view could be had of this thousand miles of pyramidal green bisected by the tiny water-ways that keep its life fresh, its edges seamed and marked by the spurs from the in-running hills, its green varied only by the shifting cloud shadows, that view would help the Nile to voice its centuries-old story of wonder and of charm. Back from the river, beyond the green of the fertile lands, lie the golden sphinx-like hills,—these that make a background for temples, a hiding place for tombs, Egypt's imperishable mile-stones along her life-way. So closely neighbored is the green and gold of the Nile land that, at best, the fields look not greater than so many unrolled prayer rugs into whose cool freshness the children of the soil press their sweating brows, their lips repeating the cry of their fathers'—"Allah!" "Allah!"

Along the Nile between Cairo and Assuan there is a monotony of steepish shelving banks with a level of maize and clover, of doora, palm groves and mud villages; of waterwheels turned by blind-folded oxen, of shaduf men, models in bronze they might be, tossing the water from level to level; while against the sky and beyond all these there crosses the plain and skirts the hills the ever picturesque camel trains.

However unattractive, strangely out of date these creatures look in other lands, in Egypt they have a

lineage, have centuries of ancestors that were sovereigns of desert and plain. How well they seem to know it and show it; for whether they are swinging along with unbridled ease or swaying beneath burdens, theirs is the manner of impatient patience, a certain lofty haughtiness that agrees wondrous well with their masters' proud claim "from Pharaoh descended are we."

It is slowly that the features of the Nile's banks change and yet long before the thousand miles of voyaging is finished the change is so complete that only the ever-lessening green of the fields, the faithful palms, and the women with their water jars remain in likeness. A lovely picture these women make coming and going between their homes and the river, bearing in classic poise upon their heads or shoulders the sun-baked water jars. With movement as picturesquely graceful as the coarse blue garment that falls loosely to their feet, these women go more than ankle deep into the river to fill their jars; each helps each to lift them, each follows each in slow defile through the clover paths and feathery tamarisk. Much gentleness of movement, much quietness of speech seem natural to the women of Egypt. Why? These who come and go are young, and are living under skies that are an inspiration and a joy to older hearts than theirs. Is it that the Mohammedan veil has the power to suppress the spirit as well as conceal the features? The unveiled woman, from her dahabeyah's deck, looks at and loves the picture; and if

she wonders why these daughters of the Nile so long forego that dowery of freedom, which is the Christian woman's boast, she is yet glad,—oh, selfish lover of the picturesque—that the Nile has not lost this

"type
Of life—'twixt blue and blue"—

It is when the low banks of the river begin to be broken by sandstone ledges and these rise into semi-mountainous cliffs that the glowing sands of the desert come gloriously into the picture. Finding lodgment among the stony ledges they end in overlaying them with golden drifts deep and billowy, smooth and fine as wind-swept snow. The beauty of the hills of the green world has its rival in the beauty of these golden hills of Egypt. Of kith and kin are these golden hills to the great Saharah, have come from it on the wings of that wind which, with burning fervor sings always its inimitable love song,—

"From the desert I come to thee"

* * * * * nor

will cease to sing it, neither cease to pile its gold into these glowing mountain heights,

"'Til the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!"

A splendid heritage are these hills of gold to the old river, no other compares to it. Nearing Nubia a new beauty emerges from the gray water but the hills of gold remain. Black glistening rocks begin to lift

themselves from the Nile's bed, introducing a sort of rock-splendor, which grows and greatens, and culminates in utmost artistic grace about the long, sinewy island of Elephantine.

Islanded mid-stream, piled into splendid heights at the desert's edge these unhewn colossi make an almost sublime feature, a statuesque sort of grandeur that is not equaled elsewhere on the Nile until there comes into view the mountainous rock ramparts that close in and about Abu Simbal.

Before Science caught the Nile in its clutches at the First Cataract, every lover of Egypt worshipped at the shrine of beautiful Philæ. What now? What but mourn the forever perished features of

"A queen that out-lustered every other!"

It was when science tied together the East and West banks with a gigantic knot of gray stone and steel that the wild, free rush of the waters was tamed, their joyousness ended, and like a thing in disgrace they recoiled and spoiled the beauty of idealic Philæ. Alas!

Beyond the Great Dam the cliffs, and mountainous heights grow in strength and boldness, advance to the river's very edge, increase in height, show openings into valleys attractive or desolate according to atmospheric effects, these ever marvelous effects of light and shadow. And these effects do not belong to the day's light only or pass with the sun's going, for the moonlight is magical with its half-light; white, snow-like, changing

wholly the day's panorama by giving to it that smooth pure enamel-like glaze which transforms the black beauty of the granite rocks to a dew-like whiteness.

With the changes in the natural features of the river, this transformation that comes with the passing of the day's light might be compared to that gentler countenance in the human that radiates from an awakened spirit. Certainly so supreme is the charm of the Egyptian night that it is a thing quite apart from the glory of the day. The Sun-god in his flaming morning chariot may drive the star boats to their unseen harbors, but night by night they float back on to their blue sea again making perfect the calm and the softness and the sweet mystery of the Egyptian night.

It is part of the mystery of these half-light transformations that broken columns and pylons are restored, the dethroned lifted up and the whole advance and recede of the brown, golden hills stopped. In the uttermost silence they fall asleep in the lap of the desert plain. Somewhere among these sleeping hills, somewhere in the rock-strewn channel of the river must be hidden away, some long-sought chronicles—carved by the Nile god's hands. When found will they reach back more than the four thousand years whose chronicles we read with charm and wonder throughout the day-by-day on the Nile?

It is worth much more than the climb to one of the rocky heights that come close to the Nile in

Upper Egypt, to there watch the day wake from its solemn desert-night. It may prove to be a steepish climb, for these mountains are rugged with stone and sand interspersed, but the height once gained there stretches a panorama such as imagination may not rival. "Precipitation," says an Arab proverb, "is from Satan, but patience is the key of contentment." There was no precipitation with Nature when with infinite patience she worked out for the Arab that splendid chain upon chain of hills that stretches illimitably away to meet the morning sun of Lybia. These hills look to have been rolled by the winds through the deep brown sands, and doubled back and forth upon themselves like crests of golden waves, then suddenly transfixed in that mystery which gives to tribe and tribe an interlocked stronghold to which the marauding world may not penetrate.

In the early morning light this vast mountainous plain awakens slowly, slowly arises from its couch of sand, slowly are the broken features of the dull rock-ledges made visible through the atmosphere's soft haze.

Far away where the sky and desert meet there comes from between them a pale pink light that very gently floats out, spreads as it rises until it is caught and shifted from ledge to ledge, spreads over the somberer valleys and, by some strange necromancy, drawn down into them to come forth again in a new mystery of

color; violet, light, dark,—transfused with pink, with amber,—rich, mellow, all-enchanting until

"Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils pure gold,— * * *
* * one wavelet, then another, curled
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and in its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then over-flowed the world."

* * * * *

It is morning. The silent silence of the Egyptian night is done until "To-night" again!

And so it is the whole Nile journey through, whether the desert hills are lost at evening in the white veiling light, or with the sun rise in triumph, there is always upon them the same witchery of light and shadow, of softness and freshness. Magic spells are cast over dull desert distances, desert wastes wear a prismatic glow. Everywhere is an overflow of gold, a merging of crimsons and purples, of browns and blues, and the play of every dye of the bow through the silvery atmosphere completes the beauty mask.

It would be an artist with a tremendous belief in his art who would essay to paint a picture as daring in sapphire and turquoise and gold as is the light, morning and night, that falls from Egypt's skies. The very air

is suffused with the not-to-be-reproduced color, and the imagination could create no ideal that is not out-done by the real in a land where no hindrance is to the sun's giving effects as manifold as magnificent. Every day he mounts a throne out-lustering every other; every day dispenses a light and warmth the quality of which permeates the dry pure air without eliminating its freshness, and night by night quits his throne with an entourage of splendor that leaves the heavens

"Enwrought with golden and silver light;
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light."

* * * * *

The end of one day in the land of the Nile presages what the beginning of another is to be. Beauty and splendor fares forth every day. Nature is never cowering before impending storms, no day's clouds hold cavernous depths of darkness but send out between fold and fold fleecy cloudlets that become flamelets in their passing, and make all between the blue above and the gold beneath a very license of color! There is maize and topaz, saffron and orange, and in over-splendor to them all, those radiant purples that never lose their radiance, however pale and soft and misty; a very wonder-veil of beauty from Egypt's skies.

THE PYRAMIDS

THE PYRAMIDS

A VISIT to the Pyramids of Gizeh exercises the magic of its own peculiar spell. There they stand those five thousand year old wonders, solemn, silent, familiar, unfamiliar;—stand in colossal proportions undiminished, with a majesty unsurpassed, their supremacy among pyramids unrivaled, now as always of the world's marvels. Nature has not written these colossal monuments over with grace notes, nor sent tender vines and gentle blooming things to cover their scarred and wounded sides. No bird circles in song about their high stone terraces, nor do trees or verdant hills gather about them to break their sharp cut lines against a limitless stretch of sky. Softness and gentleness is not within their destiny, in the stars it was not so written, but the mysterious life of them goes on,—confronting on the one side a great silent desert world, on the other a greater noise-laden world of traffic; witness bearers they to both.

It was with the coming in of the Ancient Empire (2500-2200 B. C.) that history began a record of the powerful monarchs of the fourth dynasty; Zoser, of the third dynasty, had already led the way in pyramid

building and left behind him the Step Pyramid at Sakkara. Snofru came to the throne with the fourth dynasty and built two pyramids, that of Mêdum and the great pyramid at Dashur, but he was to be followed by three greater builders—Cheops (Khufu), Khephren (Khafre) and Mencheres (Menkewre)—the builders of the three great Pyramids of Gizeh.

Questions many have been asked and answers many made as to why these great monuments were built, and history has recorded the life of them. However the ponderous stones may have been cemented together with the very blood of the toiling slaves who laid them, there is no smallest stain of it now upon the whiteness that burns and glistens in the sunlight, or gleams with a snow-like softness in the light of the moon.

Whether "it pays" the visitor to enter and to make the ascent of the Great Pyramid, is a question not answered by visitors alike. Work is to be done in the accomplishment of either; but the visitor can hardly know the meaning of a visit to the Pyramids unless he achieves both the entrance to, and the ascent of, Cheops. There is Egyptian darkness and stifling air to be met in the narrow passageway and steep incline that leads from the small opening on Cheops' side to the dark tomb-chamber at the very heart, and a strain of muscle in the climb up the vast, rugged sides to that high top from whence earth seems to sink away and an endless expanse of sky draws near; but to

attain to this "glorious Place of Khufu" is to get a good idea of the position of some of Egypt's mile-stones, past and present, as they lie scattered near and far on the desert plain.

Memphis—all that is left of her—is quietly sleeping under a distant canopy of palms, while between her and Cheops are ranged about the sister groups of Zawiyet-El-Argan, of Abusir, of Sakkara, of Dashur and of Abu Roash; all of these held safe and fast in their sand chains are witness bearers to the once really great Necropolis of Memphis. Did this group of pyramids stand on the plains of Gizeh their size would seem less important, and in size they would, by comparison, be less important, but off there where they measure their dimensions against the rusty gold of sand hillocks, or loom up in shadowy opalescent masses against the now softly, now brilliantly glowing sky, they look as important in size as they are venerable with age.

For near seven hundred years had the purple mists fallen like a royal mantle about the six stony terraces of King Alta's pyramid at Sakkara before the "eternal house" in the heart of the Great Pyramid received its royal occupant. Or, to give to this patriarch among pyramids its full panoply of years, it had been crowned with two thousand of them before Abraham—Israel's patriarch—drove his flocks over the plains of Judah. But what matters the centuries older, the centuries younger

to the eyes that to-day see this oldest pyramid through the same never-aging purple mists? In their browns and their golds, in their blues and purples, and in their silver-white sheens the pyramids old, the pyramids new are all of one age—all wonderful alike, from the "glorious Place of Khufu"!

So long as we stand in the far upper air looking upon,

"The whole circumference of that emptied sphere"—of Time, we forget to turn from the desert's side, with all the evidences of the old capital's greatness, to where in charming prospective lies against the golden background of the Mokattan Hills, Egypt's capital of to-day. The Nile coming from his wilderness-places in the far South carries past the once "hundred gated" capital the white winged messengers of work and of pleasure even to Cairo's gates.

We are unheedful of this picture of To-day so long as the panorama of Yesterday keeps slowly unfolding against horizon's, hardly separable from the desert's, infinite gradations of color. It is true that there is much tomb-strewn ground about Egypt's new capital; ground grim and flowerless as that which buries with the debris of violated graves the sandy plains of Sakkara. But these have a modern environment—a something foreign to the subtle spirit of Egypt's past—and this the traveler is not searching for. Over and among the tombs of the modern Necropolis, scarabs may be

creeping and images of gods guarding, but there is now no pouring of libations of wine on the grave of some unfortunate Lady Atol to insure to her the smiles of that great sun-god who smiles so beneficiently, even to the outermost "rim of the world" on the desert side.

There is one of the many mile-stones, within "the circumference of that emptied sphere"—that lies lower down than any, measures less in comparison than any and yet is the greatest among them. Who doubts this, that after seeing how far, far below the Giant Cheops lies the Sphinx, sees also how imperiously this strangely fashioned creature out-ranks the great in greatness! Only one of her kind in all the world; lowly placed; at the very footstool of the towering Cheops she is yet not lowly. Through the centuries of her life men have vied with each other in trying to find a name fitting, as title worthy—a something that would express more than—"The Sphinx!" and they will go on trying for what

"Zeus has not yet revealed"—

When the great Sun-god begins to take his way from off the top of the Pyramid of Cheops he will begin also to send the mighty shadow of its form across the plain toward Cairo. In solid darkness the shapely pyramidal form is impressed upon the green of the fields, elongates its deep dark shadow until,

A thing more wondrous than the Sun-god's
wondrous gold;

And what he shows not 'til his disk is
buried half
Within the yellow, shifting seas of sand—
An outlined whole,—the Pyramid's great
shadow on the land!

And this shadow travels with slow directness across the green fields toward Cairo until its extreme point touches to dimness the gold of the minarets of Mahomet Ali's mosque, to dimness the reds, the purples and the sapphires that have been burning along the ridges of the far-traveling Mokattan Hills, to utter darkness the solemn gray water, and then itself is gone like the magic thing it is. And this, has been the "phantom shadow-show" of the Great Pyramid for six thousand and more years!

THE SPHINX

THE SPHINX

TEMPLES, pyramids and tombs are numberless and marvelous in this land, made by nature and man, the most unique on the face of the earth. Its river is like to no other, its sands like to no other, its monuments like none, and its Sphinx the only one of its kind.

The day by day, that makes the centuries, has seen men come "from the four corners of the earth" to walk about this strangest of Egypt's monuments; to look, to question and to wonder. Whose the conception, whose the skill to embody that conception, what the history, what the legends?—are questions that do not intrude themselves as one looks up into the stony eyes and to the sealed lips that have so long watched and guarded Time's mysteries. Since then, it is none of these things that present themselves, it is into the very heart of the desert, far away among its shifting wind-sculptures, among its hot, burning sun-glories and its softly gathered moonlights, that we would think to go to find this lonely creature—this one only of its kind.

But it is close to the much traveled way that climbs from the plain to the base of the Pyramids of Gizeh, round

and past these, down among the deep sand dunes, that this strangely fashioned one abides. Among these same engulfing sands the several smaller pyramids wear a look of helplessness—seem to have come in from some lost battle with their arch enemy on the plain, to seek protection of the greatest of their kind; but not so postured is the Sphinx. However low down in the valley, at the very footstool of the great Cheops, the Sphinx looks neither lowly nor helpless; neither shrinking from the full consumation of Fate's worst.

It is with head erect and back turned to the work of men's hands that this unconquered guarder of mysteries keeps To-day as Yesterday consort with the Unknown. Multilation has well nigh done its worst to destory features and efface colors; the eyes are broken, and yet there is no loss of vision in the calmness, and dignity, and the onlook of their far gaze. Not in the past—but always into futurity these broken eyes are looking,—a look holding an expression not more easily defined than is that thing men feel when, for a moment, they believe themselves satisfied with destiny be it what it may.

What matters it then to this Sovereign of the Eternities whether the symbol of an earthly sovereignty rests upon its brow or lies prone in the sand at its feet? Hidden behind the closed lips there is an abiding knowledge; half revealed in the broken eyes the supremacy of law.

All this is why the visitor to the Sphinx is regardless of its history and sees no likeness to any royal progenitor. Amenemhet III is forgotten, Rameses the Great forgotten, and the little temple beneath the all seeing forgotten, but the Sphinx will not forget the divine command—"—stay ever as thou art."

* * * * *

Kinglake wrote for many when after looking into the eyes of the Sphinx he there saw, felt, and recorded how,—"more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world: the once worshipped beast as a deformity and a monster to this generation and yet you can see that those lips so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty now forgotten,—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lips should be for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on in the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls with Coptic blood will look on you with sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with big pouting lips of the very Sphinx."

And then, turning from the reason of our eyes' failure to recognize as a beauty-type these "big, pouting

lips," Kinglake goes on to write of the defacement of idols; and seeing how the defacements and mutilations of the Sphinx has failed to take from it one jot of mystery or changed one iota its unchangeableness, Kinglake records its claims to sovereignty thus,—"Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerer, upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race, upon keen-eyed travelers,—Heroditus yesterday and Waburton to-day—upon all and more this unwordly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad tranquil mien."

* * * * *

"You dare not mock at the Sphinx."

Day by day the children of the desert and the stranger, come to crouch in the sand and look up into this creature's eyes; and night by night the stars in clustered groups watch for some sign. And still no sign is given. The questioning stars withdraw, the morning breaks again,—again and yet again—to find The Sphinx enthroned as Yesterday. The earth beneath is ever quiet, no throes of Nature more disturbing than the winds. Ceaselessly these gather together the sands and toss them with playful violence into the stony eyes—still no sign is given. The sands have no power to blind, neither to divert the limitless gaze. What see those eyes besides—

UNDER EGYPT'S SKIES

A long stretch of desert sand,
Sky, and sand again?
Sky and sand, and then on every hand
Silence! Time's secret keeping
'Spite the world's command.

A long stretch of sand and sky,
Sky—and sand again—
The while, down-crouching,—holding life
gone by
Silence! Time's secret guarding
'Gainst earth's low and high.

FROM TEMPLE TO TEMPLE

FROM TEMPLE TO TEMPLE

NOTWITHSTANDING that Egypt is possessed of so transcendent a share of sun-lit sky and air delicious, and palms, and the Nile bordered with surpassing green, it is impossible not to miss those features of natural beauty which are so all-enhancing just over the Mediterranean under Italy's skies. Wooded hills, vine-hung glades, flower-starred terraces are the land's portion in Italy, while her ruins are run over in magnificent profusion with the fresh, clinging life of vines that in their very joyousness obliterate all traces of Time's defacement and confer an heritage of eternal youth.

But in Egypt there is none of this, hers is the heritage of age. Did she ever wear the garlands of youth? or did a filet of vines ever bind the forehead of the Sphinx?

When the ancient Romans invaded the land of the Nile it was not in sylvan pools they found the lotus blooming neither found they Arcadian groves and gardens lying in splendid rivalry as on Arno's banks, nor yet was it any familiar features that stirred the Roman heart and woke in it a spirit of rivalry—woke it, but Egypt's temples remained unrivaled.

UNDER EGYPT'S SKIES

In lieu of Nature's familiar beauty Egypt offers near a thousand miles of temple strewn, temple crowned river banks. From the lone obelisk that stands to mark the site of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis—the city of the sun—in Lower Egypt, to the four colossi of the great Rameses that sit guarding the entrance to the rock-hewn Abu Simbal in Upper Egypt, there are the ruins of some forty temples, large and small, besides tombs countless and a wealth of broken statues. Night by night the voyager by dahabeyah—those white-winged birds of the Nile—lowers sail under shadow of these and day by day renews his wondering admiration.

In a day that travelers are searching for old roads and making new ones, up and down the earth, to discover that of the Exodus in Egypt would be an event indeed: but like the source of the Nile no search has brought it to light. Over that historic road the wise Solomon, three centuries after the children of Israel had traveled it, must have come to fetch his royal bride, "even into the City of David." And if the traveler of to-day is a Bible student he will go, Bible in hand, into the shadow of that lone obelisk at Heliopolis, and turning to Genesis, will there read that it was a daughter of a priest of On—(Heliopolis) who was by Pharaoh given in marriage to Joseph. It might well have been this same priest of On—for the priests of The Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis were among the wise men of their day—who first gathered together

the best traditionary knowledge of his times and supplementing it by Joseph's belief in a "one only God"; gave it to be the theme of an immortal hymn which was written by one of Egypt's sweet poetic singers.

This poetic record found so secure a sanctuary that ages after, it came forth with all its classic purity fresh upon it—its testimony significant. It was, says the poet, "The Unseen Hand" that drew an all-concealing curtain to let pass out upon the world's stage and there to enter upon an earthly reign, seven great gods, who were in succession to bear the title "Lord of the thrones of the earth".

Of this earthly reign of the gods the pilgrim from "Temple to Temple" will be constantly reading, will constantly be hearing the song of their virtues and their glories, constantly be going back with them to that border land of mythology where there are no temples, gods or kings but from whence still issues forth the old, old hymn to the Unseen—the one only God—"One and Alone"—

This emergence upon the world's stage, in Egypt, of seven great gods was followed by the building of great temples. Stone was waiting in the quarries of the South with which to build, and about these well-nigh imperishable altars the mighty seven,—Ptah, Rā, Sho, Seb, Osiris, Set, Horus,—would make good their high claim to the right "to set up an earthly kingdom".

The royal curtain which had been lifted for their passing out upon a stage of royal doing had fallen, and

with it also fell a darkly shadowing veil of mystery and tradition.

Lost to Egypt was the sound of that psalm which familiarly phrased the world's greatest ideal, and it was with incense and sacrifice, with victories, and festivals of them, that the worship of these "lords of the thrones" was established in "all the land of Egypt". It was then that the priests arrayed the various gods in vestments prescribed by the sacred canons and made to them offerings—not to be numbered—of animals, of fruit, flowers, wine and oil; and burned incense before them—but the old hymn what of it? The priests if they ever knew, had forgotten the hymn which declared—

"God is One and Alone, and there is none other with Him.
God is the One, the One who has made all things.
God is a Spirit, a hidden Spirit, the Spirit of Spirits,
the great Spirit of Egypt, the divine Spirit".

* * * * *

Here, fair skin and bronze skin are alike back at Genesis and there acknowledging the unity and infinity of the "First of All" are ready to hear the whole story over again, ready to watch again the

"—magic Shadow Show,
whose candle is the Sun—
Round which we Phantom figures come and go".

In the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis, very splendidly, very learnedly was this "magic Shadow

Show" of the gods as ushered in by the favored seven, carried on through many ages by priests and kings who were alike the "lords of the thrones" of the world. Whether these allowed to be established or themselves established the worship of themselves in the place of their Sender-forth, the "One Alone", the result was to confer upon them godly honors and to Egypt that elaborate ritual of religion which, it is said, only the priests understood. Certain it is, if this ritual was as complex as the relationships between the Egyptian deities with their many divisions and sub-divisions of attributes, it surely required a good degree of concentration as well as of consecration if the office of priesthood was to be intelligently administered.

Making then, this Temple of the Sun the visitor's pylon-of-entrance to all the Nile temples, he notes—and it seems a delightful augury—that this celebrated temple from which so much knowledge eminated has been dedicated to the god of light—the great sun-god, Rā—and that he had here been represented with a human head, the seat of knowledge, but with the body of the sacred bull, symbol of strength superior to the human. There is something very splendid in the birthright of Rā, the sun-god,—who now reigns so indisputable at Heliopolis—and in the manner of his presentation. The legend runs the sky—Nu—was his father, and born of the glorious and eternal blue he sailed across it in his boat of life, a god-viking making war upon the day's enemy, darkness; and

it was with the whole of the heavens for a background that he drove Apap from off the eastern ramparts and rising in glory above them was hailed Rā Harmachis—god of the morning! On he went with ever increasing glory to the midday, on into the afternoon late, before his transformation into Tmu, radiant and resplendid! From thence he would pass into the mystery of re-creation, to the glory of a new day! God of the sky he was, it was natural he should be of its color, and be so represented. Two long feathers he wore upon his head and in his hands he carried a key and a scepter, symbols of life and power. As Solar Deity he burned the truth of his life-giving power into the earth, forced gods and men to worship him, to believe that in him was every required attribute of power and stability and in him was the source of every other deity's attributes. Great was Rā then in all the Land of Egypt—Great now!

Ruin at Heliopolis is complete, no column, no pylon to mark the ingress and egress of learned priests and their followers; one only of the two famous obelisks of Usertesen I, remain to bear witness that it was in celebration of the first festival of Set that this king of "Upper and Lower Egypt, lord of diadems, son of the Sun, he whom the spirits of On love"—here raised the "red granite obelisks". The wild bees now sing their songs of labor about this one high shaft and deposit their honey among the hieroglyphic inscriptions.

The Museum at Cairo, instinct as it is with the

life of centuries of yesterdays, has already familiarized the mind of the traveler with Egypt's treasures from the most minute seeds of grain long hidden away in tombs, to the well nigh colossal objects in stone, once a part of temples and of tombs. And if it is the intent of any holiday visitor to become an amateur Egyptologist he could not begin his studies more felicitously than in the truly wonderful Museum at Cairo. Here he may verify and enlarge any stock of knowledge he may possess by walking days and weeks together face to face with Egypt's sons and daughters, see samples of their handicraft, read their written-in-stone records, see their kings, gods and goddesses in wood or stone imagery, and lastly look into their mummied faces and read how "a thousand years is as a day".

He will there become familiar with all the legendary history of the "North Land" and of the "South Land"; with the kings of the North wearing the red crown, the lily for their symbol, the kings of the South wearing the white crown with the papyrus for symbol; and see when that these two symbols were united,—as they were in Egypt's early historic days,—they formed the arms of the empire. With this union went also that of the two crowns, giving to the wearer of the double tiara the title of "Lord of both Lands". Familiar as will become the Museum's object lessons they will never become uninteresting.

At Memphis the ruin is as complete as at

Heliopolis. The "House of the Spirit of Ptah" is indeed gone. Not a gate by which to enter, not a sun-embalmed court in which to linger. Ptah,—"the lord of truth", chief of the immortal seven, father of all gods and of all men—where dwells he now? It was at Memphis that Menes, first of Egypt's kings, took his seat upon Egypt's throne. Not a divinity but a man was this first king Menes who in 5004 B. C. chose Memphis for his capital and established the first of that long line of dynasties whose fate it was to meet the conquering Persians. Page upon page of history unroll splendid and tragic stories over the plain of Memphis, but to-day the Sun-god holds right to the only throne in this kingdom desolated—given over to ruin entire.

It is not a bettered position that the preservers of Egypt's monuments have given to the statue of Rameses that so long lay in a picturesque half-burial under the palms. In a bed of sand, under the softening influence of the ministering shade this mutilated statue was a pleasing feature in the ruined city of Ptah; but now even the palms seem to join in the stranger's indifferent curiosity as they look down upon the hard stone effigy.

The Necropolis of Memphis, far outranks in interest the ruins of the once proud city. The deep sand paths lead into a very world of tombs and then, through the highways and byways of the sandy desert sea, to where the rock-hewn subterranean Apis Tombs open like a mysterious cave.

Here it is that the traveler gets a very real idea of the important place held by the sacred Apis in the worship of the ancient Egyptian; and possibly it is because in the sight of his own eyes, the traveler here for the first time verifies the truth of all that has been so often written of the marvelously strange tombs of Egypt, that these Apis tombs will continue to hold no secondary place in his memory, however they may come to be outranked in Sepulcheral Art, and in interest.

There is a long day of donkey riding hereabouts before "Tmu" goes down in the glory of his evening light behind the desert's golden distances.

From the top of the Great Pyramid the traveler has looked upon the "vapor-belted pyramids" of Memphis and her Necropolis; upon the mosques and minarets of exquisite grace at Cairo; upon the golden Mokattan Hills and the more golden Lybian desert, these, all have been made a fit preparation for the thousand miles of Nile voyaging; and Memphis the old capital, with Cairo the new, is lost to sight. The Nile voyage proper is entered on. The river leads the way into the South, and on her banks near,—or farther desert-ward—the ruins of Egypt's temples begin to appear with their traditions and

—"inventions

* * * * *

Down the past ages, must know more than this age!
Leave we the web its dimensions!"

ABYDOS

ABYDOS

THERE is no description of the wondrously decorated walls of Egypt's temples that can possibly convey an idea of the impression they make upon an appreciator of Egyptian Art. If it is not all good—far from it—in almost every temple there are some walls or bits of wall, whereon the subjects are portrayed with truly great artistic skill, and along the walls of Seti's temple are some of these. To Osiris, he of titles out-numbering those of the Sun-god, was given a prenatal marriage with his sister Isis. They were the children of Nut, the heaven, and of Seb, the earth, and were the parents of Horus, the "young sun".

These three made the trinity at ancient Abydos and were there worshipped with great religious fervor; Osiris always retaining his supremacy, though under the New Empire (1600-1100 B. C.) Ptah, Harmachis, and Ammon were also worshipped at "Ancient Abydos", which was watched over by the great lord of the under-world, by the beautiful Isis, and the resplendant young Horus, and that "ancient Abydos" was the Mecca of Osiris worshippers, the guarder of his tomb. And not only the Mecca of worshippers was the Temple of Osiris, but

his tomb was the Mecca of the dead. Buried close about were the specially fortunate while the mummies of the less fortunate were brought from distant parts of the Empire to receive a burial consecration before being carried away to their own tombs. For these, in leaving, memorial stone—stela—were set up to insure to each soul the god's remembrance. This stela made, moreover, a something like a place of rest for the soul, from whence it could the easier continue its journey through the opening of that gorge which led on to the solar barge,—a barge very generally represented on the walls of temples and tombs.

In the Museum at Cairo are many of the Abydos funeral stelæ, which, as has been well explained, differ from the stelæ of the Memphite period in that the gods, together with the table of offerings and emblems symbolic of the future life, were given representation. The two-winged solar disk so often seen on stelæ, and elsewhere, must have been a happy addition to the funereal symbolism, helping the bereaved to see how the bird-soul could not be imprisoned in a tomb but with wide spread wings went forth in glorious flight to follow the Sun in its course, nor losing sight of the great god night or day. Not less interesting is the symbolism of the two eyes—the sun and the moon—light always, day and night again, no hour of darkness to the soul, and in so far it knew heaven. Other symbols, and many, express the belief of the old Egyptian in the liberty of the soul

once it was set free from the body. Through the universe it might roam, borne on its own wide wings, or over the waters, girdling the earth it might sail, embarked in the Sun-barge; on, on, ever with the Sun god in his splendid goings, ever under the care of divine protectors, ever free to partake of fruit and wine and all good things, placed by the hands of love within the body's tomb or at some memorial place,—as at Abydos, where the memorial stones were set up in such countless numbers. Notwithstanding so large a share of Egypt's antique treasures have been gathered up and stored safely in Museums, it is left to the traveler to go to her unmovable shrines and there find them, prone in the sand maybe, as is the shrine of Osiris at Abydos. Defacement has not obliterated from temple walls records entrusted to them, and at Abydos the terse record of the twenty-five hundred years of life of Seti's temple reads,—"Built by Seti I, completed by Rameses II, excavated by Mariette Bey!" Every traveler feels grateful to Mariette Bey!—

At Abydos he is to note how in both ground plan and its arrangement this temple differs from others. Not one sanctuary but seven, not one chamber placed one behind another but side by side, and not one portal but seven, each leading into one of the seven divisions. Ranged in double pairs across the first Hypostyle Hall are the twenty-four columns with their very beautiful papyrus-bud capitals. These flanked the processional aisles

dedicated to six gods and the king. There had been under the New Empire (1600-1100 B. C.) another triad of deities added to that of Osiris, Isis, Horus, for worship at Abydos, and though Seti and Rameses dedicated their temples to Osiris they established the worship of Ptah, Harmachis, and Ammon; and in the Seti temple it was to Ammon that the central processional aisle was dedicated, with the triad of Abydos, occupying the three on his right; Harmachis, Ptah and the King the three on his left. Beyond the first Hypostyle is the second, larger but with the same arrangement of its thirty-six columns and with the same processional arrangement of aisles leading on and into the innermost chambers. In all the seven sanctuaries dedicated to this double triad—and the king—there is the sacred boat; the reliefs on the various walls are extremely well done, especially the profiles of Rameses.

Near by this best preserved of the Abydos' ruins, is all that is left of what is believed to have been Rameses' most beautiful temple. Not for size was it remarkable but for the fine materials he chose for it. Black and red granite, alabaster, the finest of limestone; the reliefs done with the utmost delicacy and the coloring of the mural decorations so brilliant that they still hold their beauty. What a climate is this, that when all the walls are roofless they wear their color undimmed through the centuries, their tracings unbroken by frost, unharmed by rain.

The remnants of these two temples built by father and son—Seti I and the great Rameses—suggest by their close proximity to each other that these monarchs united, upheld the entire—every form of—the Egyptian religion; and indicate the close and friendly bonds between a father and son whose joint reign covered a period of near eighty years. There are many descriptions of Seti's appearance; men see him to-day lying in royal mummied-state in the Museum of Cairo and it is agreed that calm and pleasing as is the expression of his face there are lines that reach through the boldly vigorous to a ruthless tyranny.

However this may be, he had himself represented as an ardent worshipper and granter of favors to all the temple-shrines; and most royally were his gifts showered upon the pre-eminent Ammon-Rā, Isis, Horus, Osiris and Hathor in the Abydos temple.

Beginning with Abydos the traveler learns that however one temple plan my differ from, or bear resemblance to another, yet in each the ruinous state so differs that the features of each look unfamiliar, need re-adjustment before they take their proper place in acquaintance. Another feature wholly unique among the ruins of the ancient temples of Egypt is that Seti's temple still wears its roof, still shuts out the light from skies that everywhere is an augmenter of beauty often a creator of all of it that there is.

From out these never somber, never threatening

skies come the midday's blue, the scarlet, the gold and the purples; all these that create seas of lilac in which swim the star-barges of Egypt's skies and under which the traveler waits for the morning to disclose to him the ruins of the temple of Hathor at Dendera.

TEMPLE OF HATHOR

TEMPLE OF HATHOR

THOUGH Dendera was not venerated as was Abydos and Thebes, masterpieces of the Pharaohs, of the Ptolomies, of the Cæsars, are here in splendid profusion. Among these the despoilers did merciless work.

The thousand feet of wall, the beautiful temple, pylon, crypt, all—all offered insufficient resistance, and whether mutely or not, succumbed in their beauty and strength alike to the destroyer. From the numberless columns the goddess of love and joy—(Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite)—had watched the magnificent processions pass to and fro in worship of, and honor to her. Her treasure-crypt she had seen filled with the spoils of war, through ages far anti-dating that first century B. C. in which this last temple was dedicated to her. She had seen all, all that her devotees could do to enthrone her in the midst of unsurpassed splendor and, alas, she had seen all her despoilers could do to dethrone her. Once this "Lady of Beauty" looked down from every column's capital upon the infinite multitude of ibis-headed, hawk-headed, cow-headed deities that from their thrones, upon the column's sides, raised

toward her numerous and mysterious emblems; or joined the ceremonious processions through the incense perfumed air. Once the portrayal of all this was beautiful in its sculptured detail upon these fine columns; now we see it with a grievous defacement upon it, not a face within arm's reach and much other detail marred, and yet well preserved is the temple in general. To compare this Temple of Hathor with its sister temples of Abydos and great Karnak is to find it lacking in size and magnificence, but in splendid symmetry and dignified proportions it is worthy the admiration it once elicited; and if the hieroglyphic work lacks a finish in execution; it is truly marvelous in mass. Like a great volume, page by page closely written, are the walls, columns, and ceiling; everywhere history of every kind. From the blackened ceilings there dimly emerge winged globes, scarabæi; and emblems of the zodiac; from the walls and columns bird and beast show their share in man's estate. From kingly conqueror to the-captured-in-war, the chronicles go on to give a list of cities, longer lists of treasure; of weights, measures and receipts; of rites and festivals, prayers and legend; and however well we learn to read all this history, strangeness and mystery are not lessened by any of these records, neither is the wonder with which we take our way through corridors, aisles, halls, birthrooms and sacristies. Within this temple of the goddess of love and joy, it is easy for imagination to set the once-divine images upon their

broken shrines. There awaits the small sanctuary of the beautiful Isis;—and she?—The oratory of Hathor—darkest of sanctuaries and "Holy of Holies"—is where the king might in solemn commune with Deity, lift and veil the golden Sistrum of the goddess, carry it from its shrine and re-enshrine it in one of the sacred boats.

Outside is the lovely Hathor-columned Kiosque, where was begun the rites of the New Year's festival celebration. In kingly and priestly order with standard bearers and chant of hymns, the mysterious procession went the temple rounds; and then, that the goddess might feel the glow of the great Sun-god's love for his daughter, the long procession ascended to the roof: proof this, that these great ones knew how to value the greatest among them—their Sun-god.

On the dark walls of this dark stairway by which the goddess ascended to the temple roof, the beauty of the sculptor's work is intact, the darkness doubtless shielding it from the general defacement; and as no other mischances of time have come to despoil it, that strange royal procession has lost none of its pristine freshness. Other Hathor shrines are to be seen from the various levels of the temple roof, other shrines to be visited; some buried in rubbish, some lying half revealed in sand and debris.

In looking at the much-commented on portrait of Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion, that is here so well

sculptured, the traveler is glad to believe it is no likeness of the "fair Macedonian". Were it, history has misled our imagination.

From the temple roof to which the goddess ascended to feel the glow of the great Sun-god's love, her eyes must often have watched the old river taking its processional way to the sea. Was it less solemn then when it gave back in unbroken beauty the reflection of temple and temple shrine—at Dendera?

THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR

THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR

"Even things without life giving a voice."

OUT on the Nile the winged boats are transformed from their gull-like whiteness to an amber hue and the breeze turns the fluttering canvas to a something soft like plumage. To north and south where there are no dark cliffs threatening to close the river's passage, no clouds in the sky threatening to cut the evening glory off, the light gathers and greatens. Toward the sunset the breeze lifts the leaves of the clustered palms to let it pass adown the river from whence comes back that effulgent glory, that unsurpassed beauty, the sunset's afterglow. It was in the unsurpassed beauty of a sunset's afterglow, that we for the first time saw standing high on the east bank of the Nile the Temple of Luxor.

Only a pictured page onto which had been poured the liquid light and color of Egypt's skies would worthily portray the quite idealic beauty of those splendid roofless columns that come almost trooping over the Nile's high bank to meet the voyageur. The ruins on the Theban plain stand

aloof, far back toward the golden mountains, but the lovely ruins of the Luxor temple are as gracious as grateful in greeting. That first happy impression clings, nor loosens its hold even after the claims of lordly Karnak and all its royal confreres of the Theban plains.

A thousand years after Thebes began her life of splendor and of triumph, Amenhetep III, (18th dynasty) built upon the black foundation stones of the then ruined Temple of Sebek-em-Saf, this temple of Luxor; and had he built with no other intent than to overcome the powers of Time, nor met with forces more destructive, his work would have now been almost without defacement; for Time has but a small charge against it in a land where the atmosphere is such a conserver. Row by row in splendid beauty stand the 3400 years-old columns, their exquisitely wrought capitals without roof, nor needing one to protect them. Sunlight and starlight and moonlight never had a better chance to enlarge architectural beauty than in this temple, and if its roofless colonnades and hieroglyphiced walls stir the imagination they do not leave it without plenty of historic material with which to build.

In quick succeeding waves of light the sun passes over these pictured walls retouching their brightest color. On one of these walls there comes gaily out a picture of the earlier temple, showing how finely it was appointed, with propylon, colossi, obelisks, and floating

bannered ensigns. Since in the Luxor temple there are no bat-haunted neither smoke-disfigured walls nor stifling atmosphere, but all so bright and open to the sky, one could look to see a butterfly, a thistledown come on the breeze to help make real our silver-day among these columns.

The King was once young here, for here is his birth-chamber,—the table of offerings to which the infant king with his Ka was brought, in presentation to the great god Ammon-Rā, to whose glory the lives of so many of Egypt's best were consecrated.

It was 1300 B. C. before the great Rameses came to enhance the beauty of Amenhetep's temple; here as elsewhere carrying "from glory to glory" the building work of his predecessor. From Karnak to Luxor he had gone and come by way of the Avenue of Sphinxes and had noted how this avenue ought to be made to approach centrally the Temple of Luxor. To this end a forecourt with pylons must be built even were it necessary to encroach upon some of the pedestalled sphinxes. Two miles away rose in splendid vista the kingly Karnak temple and it is small wonder that the master-builder decided the approach to the latter of the two temples must be fitting.

Cumbered with uninviting dust heaps this Sphinx avenue now lies closed, but what there is of its once splendid whole is a pure white wonder under the sun's bleach, and fills the mind with an immense desire to

appearance, a desolateness, that robs them wholly of their birthright charm. At home among their own, they share so largely in a ruin's honors that it is a thousand pities to allow them to be carried to skies alien and destructive.

Near to these two obelisks, within the precincts of a not less beautiful colonnade, there were also two statues of the great Rameses; one only of these now remains to show the superb workmanship of both. As at Abu Simbal this Rameses looks from his twelve feet high enthronement with that benign expression which bears witness to the traditional dignity of the Pharaohs. Loitering about this colonnade of poetic name—Hero-en-Heb—the visitor would fain find pedestaled, even as the Rameses, the older royal builder, Amenhetep and his Mesopotamian queen; he with his face of refinement, she with her woman's loveliness.

The scene shifts indeed when we leave the Hero-en-Heb colonnade—an altar built "to the most brave, holy and unconquered Cæsar". This is a false note, an inharmony in the old Egyptian song. What downfall is this that the statues of the Roman emperors should be set up in temples dedicated to Ammon-Rā, god of the Sun, god of all Egypt! We are in the land of the Pharaohs, a land that must always be theirs however overrun by conquerors. None of these strangers wore the double crown, none of these might unroll a papyrus and show how they were the lineal descendants of gods and demigods, those mighty ancestors that came down

from the One Throne, down from the transcendant blue of Egypt's skies to reign under the same blue skies forever.

Back then to the Pharaohs again, and in their temple of Luxor go on reading of Rameses and his all conquering might. His "single-handed" battle with the Khiti, (Hillitas)—the mowing down of these "like straw before the swing of the royal scythe," Rameses had so beautifully done in stone on the walls at Abydos, Luxor, Karnak and at Abu Simbal that it at once commemorates the prowess of the great king and the genius of the poet Pentaur. Miss Edwards' comment of these pictured walls is,—"no poem has ever been so regally edited. With brilliant bas reliefs for illustrations, all the song engraved upon stone, with the walls of the great temples for binding. A splendid edition de Luxe!"

A very complete copy of this poem, a papyrus, is in the British Museum. I copy from Professor Lushington's translation. (See Appendix)

The power of Ammon-Rā is broken, his altars devastated; the sword of the Great Rameses sheathed; but pictured walls and columns hold single-handed against the onslaught of Time the story of the vanished and the vanquished secure.

"Even things without life giving a voice."

KARNAK AND THE THEBAN PLAIN

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AS the Nile approaches the site of the ancient Thebes it widens, its gently sloping banks are verdant with corn and lupin, with palms and tamarisks. The mountainous ranges fall back carrying with them the yellow-rose and lilac lights that settle so transformingly into the shadows of their limestone terraces; and it is between these color-beautified hills and the broadened river that there lies in sunny restfulness the great Theban Plain.

There are long pages of history telling that before Abraham was Thebes was, telling of its life of tragic romance from that far away twenty-five hundred years before Christ to its final despoiling in 110 B. C. In splendid and triumphant march from the simple rule of the head of a tribe to the pomp and splendor of Egypt's kings, through dynasties earth's greatest, out from one century into another, went the life of this city of the Plain.

"The hundred-gated Thebes, where twice ten
score in martial state
Of valiant men with steeds and cars march
through each massy gate."—

So sung, and so the poet Homer named this city of many

titles—her titles a part of her mysterious history. Here within this "City of the Hundred Gates" was held aloft the sceptor of Jupiter-Ammon,—Egypt's greatest god,—and round about this center of the highest form of Egyptian worship, round about this "City of Excellence", this "City of Palaces", this "City of Thrones", her great and mighty—the wearers of the double crown—built temples and obelisks and set up statues numberless to the holy Triad of Thebes, to Ammon, to Maut and to Khons; while outside her walls as now, between the Nile and her gates, the bronzed-backed shaduf men kept the plain in emerald beauty. From level to level the water-weighted pole lifted the water of the river into the trench-seamed fields where the corn and clover brought their fresh green life to the city's gates, and now as then the same treeless hills run their dry ramparts between this greenest of green life and the sun-scorched barrenness of the desert.

It is indeed a long and tragic page of history that unrolls itself across this Theban Plain and into the deep fastnesses of those Lybian hills. Who will may read, and who will may hear the voice of the old Spirit of the Plain cry, "Look, if you will, through my ruined pylons to my pristine grandeur, through my broken walls to my once priest-guarded sanctuaries, climb to my opened roof-ways and see those Lybian hills that rise in lonely state between me and yonder lonelier desert, and into

whose fastnesses all my kings made their last royal march. Do this, and then mark how the glory of great Ammon is not wholly departed from me, neither the strength nor the beauty of my hills faded. Stone upon stone still rest secure, column and obelisk, however broken, still in majesty stand. Did my mighty ones come again they would not find me desolate as are my sisters Carthage and Babylon, they would find Time's marks upon me but not lost to their eyes would be the signs of my royalty. The gold of the evening sky gilds my altars each day anew, the crimson of morning turns my avenues to the color of young blood, and all day long the purpling air hangs in regal beauty over and about me. *The tears of Isis too, forever flow in solemn dignity past me, so turning my shores emerald in its growth of ever fresh young life that did my sons come again, bewildered they might be, might learn a lesson strange indeed to them who built for all time, not for these short centuries gone. The despoiling of my temples and shrines has not undone the marvel of them. The long avenue between my temples of Luxor and of Karnak, closely sphinx-guarded as it was, succumbed to the destroying hand of those half human, half animal hordes that overrun my sacred places with wantonness, yet everywhere enough remains to transmit through ages yet to come the inviolate dignity of the spirit of my splendid past."

*The Nile.

It was through all that remains of this despoiled avenue of sphinxes that we approached the greatest, the most splendid ruins of all Egypt's ruins, the temple of Jupiter-Ammon at Karnak! Though these are not the first of the ruins on the plain to be approached they hold the first place in the visitor's interest; and if the desire of the visitor to Egypt is,—"open our eyes that we may see wondrous things" he will nowhere see more wondrous things than at Karnak. And he will need to turn every one of those pages of history if he would have these wondrous things—these roofless walls, broken columns, overturned statues, avenues, courts, sanctuaries, triumphal pylons,—come about him with something less than a bewildering confusion.

Most fitting it was that the worshippers of Egypt's gods should have built the greatest of their temples to Ammon-Rā, god of the Sun, at once the representative and creator of nature's greatest principle, and fitting that they should have built this temple in their capital city. To turn the pages of history back to 2466 B. C. is to find the monarchs of the twelfth dynasty laying the foundation stones of this "Throne of the World"; and to follow on, page by page, is to see with what ambitious rivalry each succeeding Pharaoh laid his hand to the work, until, at the end of a thousand years, all their achievements were out-splendored by that of the greatest builder of them all—"the great Pharaoh"—Rameses II. The work of that thousand

years seems as so many stepping stones or avenues of approach, leading to the greatest of all; and then, through their own ruined way, they retreat into Time's deep shadows, leaving to the kings of the nineteenth dynasty the honor of outranking every other. With this achievement the name of Rameses the Great is inseparably linked and from that day through the ages since, he has held undimmed the glory of his renown. Up and down the Nile-land from the sea to Soudan the great Rameses built and re-built, wrote of his prowess in war and his rulings in peace on countless temple walls, and set up his smiling-countenanced statues at temple portals and between their colonnades.

Egypt's most glorious epoch of building coming and going, as it did, with the nineteenth dynasty (1350-1200 B. C.) crowded into a short space of time a very large share of that which has attracted the world through succeeding centuries, and the intention to build at Thebes a temple to Ammon, that should out-luster every other, was made good when the Temple of Karnak stood with its columned hall grandly beautiful! The calyx-tipped, lotus-budded columns of this great hall was, and is, a very flower of architecture in the royal crown of Rameses!

Back and forth through this always great hall we wander, slowly, loiteringly, back and forth wander and wonder. Sit at the base of its columns, look up to their exquisite capitals; wander away to courts, and

broken walls, always looking back, always coming back to sit and look and listen yet again. It is true the Spirit of the Plain is not dead, neither has it gone with the master builder to his lying in state,—so lowly, so lowly now at Boulak,—but is here, great Spirit still! and bids us stay: and bids us look from Karnak's walls and see his royal consorts on the plain.

From the delicate beauty of the Medinet Habu temple, lying to the south, to the terraced colonnades of the Great Hatasu's temple of Der-el-Bahari we look. Grace and strength are lying as close together on the plain as here in Ammon's temple. It was so the kings of the nineteenth dynasty saw it once; only in a perfectness of grace and strength. How great must have been the pride of their gratified ambition as they saw the various temples standing in perfectness of beauty from north to south on their rich plain. Nymph-like must have looked the lady-temple of Maut, reposing on its mid-lake island; and the little Khons,—so youthful seeming beside "Great Karnak". Farther afield the gigantic Colossi helped their confreres to lead the way to the portals of the Anebopheum; and at the Ramesseum the most colossal of the great builder's statues had fittingly completed that lordly temple's detail. If in the day-of-their-life these wonders of the Theban plain satisfied the ambitious pride of those nineteenth dynasty Pharaohs, surely never elsewhere did traveler go from ruin to ruin with less abatement of wonder. That these

old builders did not see the delicate beauty of the lovely Medinet Habu—young neighbor to their greatest—was their loss. Quite lovely this Medinet Habu afar or near.

Queen Hatasu in choosing the Lybian mountains for a background to the Der-el-Bahari temple chose as daringly as did Rameses for the rock-hewn Abu Simbal; and if her one object was to give to the temple an appearance of the extremest delicacy by contrasting its fluted-like façade with the towering mountains, she succeeded perfectly. From the plain it might be thought an eyrie of the sacred hawk rather than the sanctuary of the gentle Hathor, she who surpassed every other in so idealizing her earthly animal form that her worshippers saw not the lovely cow but the incarnation of beneficent Love! Dignified, beautiful, loveable; tender giver of nourishment to earth's children is the goddess-mother; and wearing the full insignia of deity this her beautiful statue was enshrined at Der-el-Bahari. A stately headdress with long trailing lotus, falls across her shapely shoulders to her feet, and all her form responds to the calmness and the tenderness of her incarnated spirit.

Deity incarnate in stone, silent, hidden as in the Sphinx, yet alive with that life which out-lives all incarnation, is this Hathor! Goddess! Mother!

Had Queen Hatasu built no temple in the Lybian mountain's side, set up no obelisk at Karnak, or

brought back from the Land of Punt no ships laden with gold and spices, but had given Egypt this one only Hathor, she had written her name ineffaceably on Time's page.

The Pharaohs of later dynasties made contributions in repairs and alterations to these finished temples which is matter of relative importance in the history of them. To become familiar with the work of all the royal builders is to see how each in turn enhanced the beauty of Ammon-Rā's temple at Karnak, each in succession transcended the achievements of his predecessor until to the worshippers of the Sun-god was disclosed a temple unrivalled in every form of greatness. To-day the ruins of this great court and that great hall range themselves in splendid and unequalled proportions alongside other world-wonders, inviting the visitor to wander away in imagination from facts revealed to the unrevealed, wherein is to be found that stronghold of legendary enchantment built in the early dawn of Egypt's history.

But to romance with Egyptian history is solemn work. There is neither a past nor a present that seems joyous. Solemn-visaged is the type of face that looks upon us from the statues and portraits of the Pharaohs, and solemnly dignified the type of their children of to-day. The building of temples and of tombs is not suggestive to joyousness and the ruins of these with contemporary records are indicative of at

least a serious bent in the minds of the ancient Egyptians. Was there for these anything more joyous than to see the long reach of sphinx-guarded avenues, scarab-filleted pylons, sacred lakes and girdling walls?

To-day these are joy enough for the loitering visitor on the Theban plain. We look yet again and mark how the tallest obelisk in all the land (that of Queen Hatasu) dominates all the ruins and stands like a splendid exclamation point among them.

One unfinished pylon at Karnak, one unfinished colossal statue of the great Rameses whitening in the sun in its granite quarry-bed at Asnan, mark the fall of the hammer from the hand of the royal builders. Some sudden fate and the quarries were still forever—Great Karnak finished!

THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON

TEMPLE OF KHONS
THEBAN PLAIN

TEMPLE OF KHONS
THEBAN PLAIN

THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON

THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON

TEMPLE and temple ruin succeed each other, pylon and obelisk confront each other, and tombs numberless are hidden away in the western hills. All these have a companionship, but out on the Theban plain there are two lone statues, high on their pedestals sitting, looking through stony eyes,—weird, gigantic; unique they are among Egypt's ruins. Not a column, not one stone upon another left of the temple whose entrance they once guarded; no support, no kingly neighbor nearer than their once peer in stature, the now fallen Rameses at the Ramesseum; none to share their desolation or make less their isolation. But it is just this apartness, this unlikeness to any that attracts the visitor so strongly, and which together with the pretty musical legend clinging to one of them, gives them the command of an interest that their very inconsiderable artistic value could not. Seen from almost any distance these two statues seem like genii of the devasted plain, for what else appears—

"—like the bulk—
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun

To one who travels from the dusking East;
or sounds
—as mournful as that Memnon's harp"—

About these weird figures the imperial light of Egypt's skies falls without hindrance. The hills are a far remove, and nothing taller than the rich luxuriant clover is round about them. The tone of their yellow brown beauty responds to every artifice of the sun—and to the moon that,

"—with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless
Like natural sculpture—"

There is more truth than poetic license in the poet's—"like natural sculpture" postured. Since the stone looks as though it had been peeled away in deep strips leaving seams and ridges that gives quite the appearance of stratified rock.

We do not look up into the broken faces of these statues as into that of the Sphinx; eyes they have not, neither lips, nor any feature that might reveal some story of them, but down by their knees—those great, ungainly "feet of prayer"—there leans, in most gentle portraiture, wife and mother; and beside them, figures of Nile gods are twining and binding together long-stemmed lilies and papyrus symbols of an undisputed sovereignty.

Historians and artists have made these colossal

statues of Amenophis III as familiar to the world as are the Pyramids and that pretty legend of the "Singing Memnon" hung them about with a charming romance of Greek and Roman weaving. It was the singing of a sunrise hymn that transformed the Egyptian into a Greek. A young Greek hero having fallen in war, his spirit took refuge in one of these colossal statues from whence he sent a song over the Theban plain to the hills of sunrise whereon his mother watched and wept. Her tears were turned into drops of bright beneficent dew, that fell with sweet refreshment upon the parched lips and scorched brow of her son,—assuaged his grief and made glad his heart. Illustrious visitors traveled far to hear the Memnon sing; heard it and went away, carrying in their own hearts a deep sense of its pathos: for though these were not worshippers of the gods it was easy enough to fall under the spell of this humanly tender tradition.

There came a day when the song of Memnon was finished, his voice silent; but over on the hills-of-Eos the sunrise comes in undimmed glory, and over the plain of Thebes the dewy tears of Eos fall in glistening drops of refreshment upon the grateful clover round about the spirit-forsaken Colossi.

THE VALLEY
OF
THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

BUT a short remove from the shadow of kingly Karnak are those "Hills of Sunset" wherein the kings of the XVIIIth, XIXth and XXth dynasties made for themselves "Houses of Eternity" as far outranking all others as did the temple of Karnak outrank all Egypt's temples.

During these flourishing dynasties the tribute money that poured into the treasuries of the kings from Lybia, Nubia, Palestine and Syria, made it easy for them to take this mountain-protected valley and make it a prototype of that one of the Underworld so vividly described in their religion. This underworld-valley like this of their selection, commenced on the west bank of the Nile, was long and rather narrow and even in its darker sections, never left the surface of the earth. In other features there was less resemblance. No river flows through the Bibân-al-Mulûk valley, neither is there a gloomy vestibule at the entrance. On the contrary the broad roadway winds away from the plain into a valley picturesque with fortress-like rocks, aglow with such rich and varied coloring that there is no suggestion of

anything so solemnly grim as the funereal. It is true no tree or even a stunted shrub mark the sheltered spots among the silent, rocky heights of this valley-way, and yet so bright and sparkling are the sands, so smooth and gentle the climb, that one is scarcely prepared to see the "tall scalped mountains" draw together and make that rocky fastness for the royal tombs which is

"without a counterpart
In the whole world!"

The king with a successfully long reign left a sure monument to himself in a tomb that only time and money could have made possible, and as the tomb work was the engrossing work of a life time, as well as one perpetuating the religious belief in the manner of the soul's passing on, the tombs are valued monuments of the men of those times. During the XVIII dynasty the tomb building was presided over by the priests of the great Sun-god who claimed that from Ammon-Rā himself they had received some words that were magical in their power to help the soul happily pass through the "dark valley". This final passage would be the easier accomplished if the future occupant of the tomb made himself familiar with the long corridors and dark chambers of that valley of the underworld, and so king and kingly-priests became royal builders; the priests seeing that the corridors and chambers of the tomb conformed as nearly as possible to the length and shape of those in the valley of Tuat.

As the visitor to the Tombs of the Kings makes the descent through one and another of the long corridors and stands in the dark chambers he wonders not that the royal builder made sure to himself a knowledge of certain words of deliverance, as well as of the tomb's construction. When the body of the royal master was carried into the dark chamber the saving words were spoken by the priest in office and were to be repeated by the soul-in-passage as it entered the Sun-god's boat of death and life. On these divine words hung the fate of the soul, the triumphant emergence from all the horrors of the river-way into the glorious light of the new life; without them there was nothing but darkness everlasting.

What were these magic words that the priest and the Sun-god taught? The king learned them and went forth in faith.

The infinite care with which this valley of Bibân-al-Mulûk was selected as a place of safety for the royal tombs, deserved a better fate than to have been discovered. The royal decree for the royal body was, "until the last great day". The "stranger in a strange land" decreed otherwise and so these marvelous tombs lie open,—their mystery vanished. Following their owners, all tomb treasure had gone forth into the world again; only they themselves with their underworld corridors and chambers and their pictured walls remain—and will. These the mountains hold in chains

that no man may break. Their pictured walls are replete with the old story of hopes, of fancies and beliefs; the long gone yesterday proclaiming its kinship with every to-day. The work of the world now as then goes on; harvests gleaned, fruits gathered, fish netted, sheep herded; and nothing unfamiliar on the Nile's banks. The blind-folded oxen were then turning the creaking water wheel and the little sandpiper was running as merrily at the water's edge. Not until we come to the realms of the soul's life do we find the pictures shifting into realms unfamiliar, drawing about them the mists and mysteries of old Egypt's religious beliefs. Down the long corridors' steep inclines and into the dark chambers' darkness these solemn mysteries accompany the visitor. Strange, all very strange, until there shines forth from the gloom of one wall, one illuminating word "Beloved!"—kinship is established again.

That one word of endearment, that tender human call, seems to soften the severe lines on the faces of the Pharaoh, to bring light to their stony eyes, and to part their long closed lips with smiles. That "Beloved one" tells of an earthly felicity broken, some paradise on the Nile's banks left, like the temples with a broken arch at its entrance; but unlike the temple's broken arch this tender human call spans the centuries with an undefaced beauty!

Notwithstanding there are some who wish that the intent of the royal builders of these wonderful tombs had

been made good to them, and that the royal mummied people had slept on through longer centuries with their mystery and tradition about them, yet there is no more interesting story than that of the finding of the tombs of the Kings so long hidden in this valley fastness, and of their going forth to their latest Nile voyage. Rapacity,—that old offender of law, raised the ill wind that blew good to the ardent Egyptologists who in 1871 were uncovering buried Egypt. There was a family secret in the family of one Abd-er-Rasoul shared in by the dwellers of the plain only to the extent that made them loyal; and this not because the secret was a mine of gold to the Rasoul family but because they would not have the heathen stranger carry away their Pharaohs. Piece by piece they might take them, sell them to the stranger but this stranger should not possess the whole mummied treasure. For a time neither the persuasion of offered gold, neither punishment of law induced the possessors of the secret to divulge it; but in the end gold induced one of the brothers to turn traitor and for the "few pieces of silver" the great Pharaohs were sold. How from the vandalism of their own degenerate children, the stranger rescued them, is a weird and venturesome story.

Not piece by piece, divested of their royal insignia did these royal ones come forth into the light of day, but in perfection of mummied artistry. It was Mr. Brugsch Bey and his staff of helpers that had hurried from the Bûlâk

Museum to meet the traitor Mohammed Abd-er-Rasoul among the rocky heights above Der-el-Bahari and there to make that memorial descent through shafts and passage-ways strewn with burial treasures, to a mortuary chamber filled from floor to roof with the royal dead. What store house was this his torches' light revealed?

Such had not been the royal will of Seti I, of his great son Rameses, neither of his son Rameses III, nor yet of the fair Queen Nefertàri, and yet these and their royal kinsfolk lay helpless with only the gold and blue sheen of their coffins between them and the stranger's hand.

No wonder that Brugsch Bey was well nigh overcome as he stood in the presence of two score of these whose eyes seemed to look straight into his from their vividly pictured faces and whose hands seemed ready to emerge from their ages' confine in a reach toward his,—no wonder!

Outside the day was passing and the stranger feared the wrath of lurking spies. A great secret was his, and the fearsome question he asked himself was, would he be able to give to the world the marvelous contents of this tomb of Her-Hor? He it was who as priest-king had reigned so royally during the twenty-first dynasty in "The City of a Hundred Gates", and had there made that priestly vow to protect the great family of the Rameses which he had

believed to fulfill when he carried their mummied forms from their own threatened tombs to the safer refuge of his own. But now, in a century of enlightenment his tomb was invaded in the cause of, and spirit of knowledge, and from first to last yielded up seven centuries of Egypt's illustrious dead!

To stand before these (the oldest bearing date 2233 B. C.) in the Bûlâk Museum to-day is to understand full well the feeling of Mr. Brugsch Bey when he turned away from the sight of them to seek the open air.

The conqueror of Ethiopia, of Syria, the greatest warrior of their race lay dead among them. He, Thothmes III, might not raise his arm against the nineteenth century invader; nor yet the conqueror of the Khiti now achieve a victory over one man only. So, alike subservient to the will of this one living man all these old conquerors, shackled in the chains of Death, came forth to re-travel the valley-way, re-cross the Theban plain and be embarked for their strange voyage down their loved river.

Brugsch Bey's own description of his six days' and nights' work in the emptying of the Her-Hor tomb is as pathetic as tragic, scarcely needing the "little imagination" which he suggests. He says, "I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed, when, standing at the mouth of the Der-el-Bahari shaft, I watched the strange train of helpers while they carried across the historical

plain the bodies of the very kings who had constructed the very temples still standing, and of the very priests who had officiated in them; the temple of Hatasor nearest, away across from it, Kârnak; further to the right the Ramesseum, where the great granite monolith lies face to the ground; further south, Medinet Habu; midway between, Der-el-Medinet; and then the two colossi, the vocal Memnon and his companion; and then beyond all, more view of the plain; then the blue of the Nile and the Arabian hills far to the east; while slowly moving down the cliffs and across the plain, or in the boats crossing the Nile flood were the sullen laborers carrying their ancient burdens. As the Red Sea opened and allowed Israel to pass, so opened the silence of the Theban plain and allowed the royal funeral procession to pass, and then—all was hushed again. Go up to Dêr-el-Bahari, and with a little imagination you will see it all spread out before you"—Go!

Not less striking to the imagination were the scenes of lamentation that the natives made at the parting with their Pharaohs. Mr. Hardwicke D. Rawnsley, in his "Notes for the Nile" says that Mr. Brugsch Bey told him that "one of the most striking things in the whole journey to his mind, was the way in which there arose from all the Land of Egypt 'an exceeding bitter cry', and women wailing and tearing their hair, men casting dust above their heads, came crowding from the villages

on the banks, to make lamentation for Pharaoh. Yes, the whole heart of Egypt and the old love for the mighty kings of the splendid days of old, was deeply moved, and, as in the days more than three thousand years ago, with wailing and great weeping, the funeral barge had carried the dead kings up the Nile to their sleep among the Theban hills; so to-day, with wailing and weeping and gnashing of teeth, and all the signs of national lamentation, did the bodies of the mighty Pharaohs sail swiftly down through a land of mourning and sorrow, from their long repose in the Theban valley of the dead, to their final rest at Cairo beside the shining Nile."

The impressive ceremony of the unwrapping of the royal mummies of Rameses II, and Rameses III was conducted by M. Gastin Maspero in the presence of a distinguished company at the Bûlâk Museum in 1886. The wrapping of the royal body of the Great Rameses that had been done at such expense of time and with such perfection of funeral art three thousand one hundred and eighty-six years gone, was on that June day of —86 removed layer by layer,—marvelous wrapping—in one short quarter of an hour!

The official records of this last despoiling of the Pharaohs read hardly more acceptable than that detailed confession by the vandal despoiler of the Great Rameses that is recorded in the Amherst papyrus. The robber and despoiler confessed, "We found the august king with

his divine axe beside him, and his amulets and ornaments of gold about his neck; his head was covered with gold, and his august person was entirely covered with gold; his coffin was overlaid with gold and silver within and without, and incrusted with all kinds of precious stones. We took the gold which we found upon the sacred person of this god as also his amulets and ornaments which were about his neck, and the coffins in which he reposed". And so it was that these men of scientific research found only what the robber considered valueless. How little did he know!

In the less elaborate Osirian coffin that for some centuries following, held the royal mummy of Rameses II,—without special insignia of honor or marks of love—the great chief made his several pilgrimages from tomb to tomb. First, says the "Abbott"—papyrus, Rameses II was carried to the tomb of his father Seti I, but in no long time the priest-guardians fearing for his safety, he and his father were carried to the tomb of Queen Ansera—she of the eighteenth dynasty—and there believed to have been left in safety. But no, tomb-robbers were still following the greatest of their prey, and again hoping for a securer refuge, he was left in the tomb of Amenophis I—of the eighteenth dynasty, whose House of Eternity bore the date 1635 B. C. Here for six years only the great Pharaoh was at rest, and then back again to the tomb of his father, to be sent forth again and hidden away in the vault of the Her-Hor family at

Der-el-Bahari, there to lie with his own long line of royal refugees until that Arab-Judas sold for silver the knowledge of this last hiding and from which he went forth at the call of the stranger.

TEMPLE OF MEDINET ABU (INTERIOR)

TEMPLE OF MEDINET ABU (INTERIOR)

ESNA—EDFU—KÖM OMBOS

ESNA—EDFU—KÖM OMBOS

LEAVING behind the vastly impressive ruins of Karnak, the lonely site of the silent Memnon, and the lonelier windings of the solemn valley among the wind-swept hills, the river leads on in unchanging gray towards its first cataract. Nowhere else will be found so rich a field of ruin-treasure and nowhere else will the sun shine with more vivifying effect into roofless courts and colonnaded halls than on the plain of Thebes. Nowhere.

It is a late date that we read on the site of the "Heliopolis of the South"—at Armant—only fifty-one B. C. How young, how changed; Ammon Rā dethroned, Apollo and Jupiter worshipped. Another false note—as in the Luxor temple—un-Egyptian,—but the river has to carry us only a stone's throw farther to set us back again to the days of the Early Empire,—this at Gebetên, the site of a pre-dynastic city. The site of yet another of the old Time-effaced cities is found at Asfûn-al-Matana, these two and we come to moorings under the steepish bank at Esna. Surrounded by Egyptian poverty, sunk deep down in its sunless grave the Temple of Esna is no sharer in the better fortune

of her sister temples. Their roofless courts and galleries are handsomely dowered with the sun's best gold, with the moon's purest silver. Their lotus-budded columns make a sort of formal garden above the stony courts, and on the farther blue of the sky the stars outline the zodiac's signs. No, the fate of those temple ruins which lie prostrate in the sands seem happy indeed to that of Esna in her both earth and roof imprisonment.

Far, far down—deeper than the Nile's bottom, lie the foundations of that earlier temple above which this one was to the glory of the god Khnum built.

Later came the Roman emperors with their extensions and embellishments. Safely hidden away under the well preserved cornice are the names of two of these, Claudius and Vespasian. How well the Roman emperors loved to associate themselves with Egypt's peculiar beliefs and customs is recorded on many a temple wall. Here at Esna the Emperor Commodus had himself represented assisting the ram-headed Khnum and the god Horus in drawing a net filled with fish and water-fowl; while the ibis-headed Thout looks on approvingly.

Then there is the imperial Decius, sacrificing to the glory of the god Khnum. We read that this imperial name was the last of the many imperial names ever sculptured on an Egyptian temple.

Standing on the present level of the street, or narrow

pathway, the handsome capitals supporting the cornice are almost within touch. Twenty-four of these, variously inscribed support the portico and frame in a most interesting representation of the Zodiac. The two views to be had of the Esna temple are both interior, the first looking down into it, the second looking up but not out of it, as one walks through its low sunken courts. Ah, poor Esna to be so destined.

Again the river leads on and past effaced cities and some more or less interesting tombs. It were better to say all the tombs of Egypt are interesting; it is the comparison between the marvelous ones in the great Valley and the less marvelous elsewhere that permits of the "more or less" expression. The names of Thothmes IV, Amenhetep III, of Seti I, Rameses II, and III, of Ptolemy IX, and Ewergetes II, are to be repeated over and about the still visible ruins of the ancient Eileithyias—or the now simple name Al-Kâb. This we leave on the east bank and look away until there rises in stately magnificence the towers of the beautiful Temple of Edfu.

After sunless Esna, the wholly-open-to-the-sun, the spaciousness, of the courts and galleries gave to Edfu a very real and loveable personality. Did the young god Horus entail his own never-aging sovereignty on this best preserved of Egyptian temples?—for barring the marks of defacement of early Christian vandalism, the two thousand years of life have left few marks on this

lovely Horus temple. The great pylons are crowded with battle scenes, the splendid columns (thirty-two) run side by side with equally splendid courts and galleries, and the stairways are richly embellished with kingly and priestly processions. Through the broken roof of the Sanctuary the sun falls with delicious warmth upon the Horus-consecrated shrine, and from the Pylon's high top it fairly glorifies the distant desert mountains! Palms and mimosa, fields emerald with their heavy crops, sheep and goat herds, camels and their masters, villages fringed about with women and children in their corn-flower-blue gowns, and past them all in its silent, somber flow, the Nile. This picture will remain long after the great towers of the Temple of Horus at Edfu have gone beyond the horizon.

* * * * *

One more temple marks the Nile valley and the traveler finds himself before that one so often called the "bijou" of Egyptian temple architecture,—the Kiosk,—at Philæ. Mecca though that Philæ is to every Nile traveler, he would not pass Köm Ombos by. It is part of a true Nile picture, standing on a height that commands not only a far reaching view of the Nile valley but the farther away routes into Nubia.

It is among the pleasant experiences of temple visiting that, always excepting kingly Karnak, every ruin appears as interesting if not as great as the one last seen. Not that it really is so, but looking at Köm Ombos standing on its high plateau we say it

is one of the most charming ruins on the Nile; and in the days of the eighteenth dynasty monarchs must have been a temple, or temples, of striking beauty.

We like this Nile picture, like the much-ruined ruin that it is, and do not find it easy to associate the destinies of so charming a temple with the uncharming crocodile-headed Sobk. However, this ugly ruler had good taste in choosing for associates the gentle Hathor, and the young Khons-Hor, god of the moon and of her beauty-enhancing light. The crocodile-headed god has lost his scepter but not so the moon-god, for it is hereabouts that the god and his lunar queen transform their world into a magic sort of beauty-poetic in its harmony with the silence!

The coloring of one of the reliefs—that of Tiberius—where the Emperor is making offerings to the beautiful lady of Ombos, is most wonderfully preserved, as are also the column-reliefs in the first hall of the Great Temple. Then there are star-gods with goddesses in the heavenly boats, and lovely Isis, Nephthys, Shu, Maat, Nut; and no wall column or façade is without its decoration repeating the legends and beliefs of the royal temple builders. Father Nile has not been kind to the smaller of the Ombos' temples, having when in flood from year to year, taken large tribute of it, until the greater part fared worse than to have been covered by the warm, beneficent sands.

"Its mystic glory swept away."

* * * * *

PHILÆ

PHILÆ

THOSE golden sands that come so far on the wings of the wind to fill up the seams of the broken sandstone cliffs along the Nile-way, are still among the beauty-enhancing features round about the First Cataract, although the rock so roundly moulded, so black and glistening, so novel a feature in the river's channel, divide our admiration. In the sky there is a possible clearer clearness by day, and at night only that change which comes with the varying light of the young, the full and of the waning moon; after which the blue firmament belongs to the stars alone!

"Silvery"—"pearly", are much used expressions in the not-to-be-expressed effect of the night's light upon the always strange panorama. It must be seen! Looking up into such a firmament and then out over such a panorama, the vision-like picture is charming beyond description and stimulating to the imagination. It is then easy to believe that the stars have marked well the difference between the life To-day and Yesterday of the island of Philæ; and that their seeming emotional trembling is for the fate that has overtaken the lovely temples. Their destiny was entered upon under the

sanction of gods and kings; and the stars looked on approvingly. What befell that these constant stars lost control?

At Edfu the Temple of Horus stands in strongly contrasting perfectness-of-ruin; and Köm Ombos, so much less dowered, still commands the river and valley routes that lead to its courts, from its secure hill-site. These are neighbors of Philæ; their entered-upon-destiny not greater and yet their paved courts and halls and their ivory-colored colonnades wear unchanged their old time likeness. Where then is Philæ?

If the wherefore of so radical a difference in the fate of these neighboring temples was not written in the stars, it is now plainly enough to be traced along the flow of the Nile. Philæ was unfortunately situated for her later-day life; this the stars did not foretell, and had they so foretold, could the builders of her temples have understood the law of necessity under which was achieved that modern wonder of engineering, the Great Dam? No, the best of the old astrologers could not have read this in any of the myriad stars that ranged themselves as allies to the gods.

It is for more than a hundred miles that this Great Dam keeps the country in flood. Islands and banks that once bore a wealth of palms, of mimosa, of sycamore are submerged, their beauty of outline, their natural life gone. The palms that gave a very special grace to the whole rocky framework are slowly drowning; the purple

mountains look less purple, and the whole panorama wears harder lines without the softening influence of the feathery green.

The delicate features of the Temple of Isis and those not less delicate of the lovely Kiosk are now submerged, without so much as a reflected beauty-of-them, in the muddy waters. Whatever of pathos there is in the pilgrim's cry of regret among Egypt's temple ruins, it must get its loudest echo from the water-entombed temples of Philæ.

The measurements of the Temple of Isis do not give it rank among Egypt's greatest, and yet it has never looked small either on its former foundation or now in its submergence; and now, perhaps more than ever, its exquisite lightness of architectural proportions saves it from an appearance of sinking into the water, but rather gives the effect of, Venus-like to be rising from it.

The approach to both temples is now quite colorless; no green, feathery banks lead from the landing into exquisite courts and many angled colonnades, but over the somber, tideless sea of water the rowers send their boat first through the very heart of the "bijou" Temple, and on into the face of the Temple of Isis. Alas!

The covering of the foundations serves to dwarf the two propylon towers,—twins in loveliness—that once stood so proudly high holding aloft their colossal sculptures. Without fringe of green at their base

these towers and their picture galleries look harder, colder than they used, and yet they are most beautiful. The sun will never allow these out-door galleries to be really hard or cold.

The portrait of the goddess Isis,—the Lady of Philæ—is said to be featured like to one of the two Cleopatras, wives of Ptolemy Physcon. However the alien-featured breaks the rhythm of Egyptian mysticism, fortunately the false note soon passes and at the Isis temple it did not enter the inner court nor dare so much as pass the Hathor-headed columns by. The visitor stands at the water's level, looks about,—defacement everywhere—looks up and there, toward the farther blue of the sky, there, close above a very garden of lotus bud and bloom the color of a remaining roof glows in all its unspoiled beauty! Familiar as one may feel to be with the best, as well as the worst, that Egypt's temples hold, it is not possible to feel the charm conveyed by such a grouping of palms, papyrus, lotus until one stands in such a garden of them as this that blooms under the azure of this one portico. The opening in the roof lets just enough of heaven's blue to enhance that of the portico and make of it that immortal color which, once seen, remains a pure delight always.

It is a worn stairway that goes up past this temple garden to the roof where the sun is warming the mammoth stones. Below is a small room sacred to

Osiris, the whole Osirian legend beautifully sculptured upon the walls,—an exceedingly interesting set of reliefs—a sort of love legend, setting forth the death of the god of the dead, the tender ministrations of Isis and how Horus revenged his father. The god Set,—the god of darkness—assisted by his sister Nephthys who was also his wife—conspired and induced the great Osiris to leave a feast and enter a box which they quickly closed and threw into the Nile. Then it was that the "Tears of Isis"* flowed in deep silence between its banks and for long kept the tragic secret; but the faithful Isis was to be rewarded. She found the body of her lord,—floated out upon the dry sand—whereupon she and her son hid it away; but not content was the ever evil Set who again found the body of the god and tossed it in smallest pieces to the winds. The love of Isis was omnipotent in its power and gathering each fragment of her lord's body she gave to each a special sepulcher, thus defying any further efforts of the would-be-destroyer. Osiris was not dead but was from henceforth to be the great god of the dead with an established kingdom in the world of the dead. And thus love triumphed, the conquered made conqueror. Isis in this trinity was the beautiful dawn and Horus the "young sun"—the fairest allies of the Egyptian day. In another small chamber of this Isis temple is a pretty story of fostering care given by the goddess mother Hathor

*The Nile.

to the splendid young god Horus. He sowed the land with seed of future crops, in honor of the goddess, while to the gentle mother he gave a jewelled collar to take the place of his encircling arms.

From the roof, where the sun is warming the great uneven stones, one looks down upon the roofless, foundationless columns of the yet lovely Kiosk, sinking, rising, alone and as apart as the colossi on the Theban plain. Not farther removed, but neither rising nor sinking, are fixed mid-stream those curious gigantic rocks that rise like unhewn temples whose foundations are the earth's foundations. Mountains are tossed up from the underworld and, like these that close in the far circling panorama about Philæ, are softened by Nature's hand of grace, but not so these unhewn temple rocks that are without sand or shrub, or vine or waving palm to soften their hardness.

Modern history is fast being made about Philæ. The quarries are again hearing the sound of the builders, yet, whatever the building of these kings-of-science of this twentieth century, and maybe they will rebuild the Philæ temples on some other islands!—they surely will not stir from its foundations that one great orange-red monolith of granite about whose base prehistoric floods have washed, and on whose polished sides priests and conquerors have written their records of prayer, of victory—and commoner folk have inscribed it with their signs of admiration and adoration? This great

rock is "Pharaoh's throne". Let it be a witness forever to the unchangeableness of some of God's work in the land of Egypt.

"By Him who sleeps in Philæ" this is indeed Egypt's Mecca.

* * * * *

THE ROCK TEMPLES OF ABU SIMBAL

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UNDER the skies of the Southern Cross there is a brightening of the firmament, the moon, the stars and all the "hosts-of-the-blue" increase their luster, grow so white in their silver light that under it the brown and yellow sands of the mountainous desert lose their splendid coloring, are transformed into a mellow whiteness that in turn transforms the Oriental into an Arctic landscape. This moonlight transformation is truly magical.

It was under the skies of the Southern Cross that the great temple-builder of Egypt sought and found a new and unique setting for yet two other temples. Had he tired of the level plains at Heliopolis, Abydos, Memphis, Thebes that he should "spy out", in the land of Nubia, a mountainous rock with glistening sands falling like golden hair about its face, the which should make an ideal and wholly unique temple site? Heretofore the great Rameses had builded on the plains, on the Nile's gentler banks, but in far away Nubia the plains were beyond the encircling mountains and the Nile's banks crowded hard against them.

One of these sand-embedded, sand-crowned mountains looked full into the face of the morning sun, had the young Sun-god for its god and had a great rocky heart waiting to respond to a call to life. It was to the heart of this mountain of splendid proportions that Rameses II gave the throb of life by setting up altar and shrine, and carving about them in completest majesty the great Temple of Abu Simbal.

Neither this nor the lesser Temple of Hathor had pylon or obelisk, or sphinx avenue to greaten their approach; neither have they to-day those roofless courts and uncrowned colonnaded halls wherein the visitor will be, as at Karnak, Luxor,—everywhere—welcomed by the Sun. But in the place of these the golden sands come pouring round about the stately portals of these strange temples in a glory of warmth and color, of richness and softness that gives to them a charm of tenderer quality than that of dignity.

Here, a long way removed from her sister temples of Lower Egypt, alone in her mountain stronghold the Temple of Abu Simbal did,—and does outrank all the temples of the Nile in grandeur of solitude. Hewn deep into the gigantic rock the shadows and the gloom of the interior give strangely imposing proportions to the architecture and make of the whole a very harmonious shrine for the god of the Under-world.

The great Hypostyle Hall of this rock temple

wears no likeness to the colonnaded courts that roofless and sun-full are so delightfully familiar in Egypt; and instead of that almost airiness of architectural effects given by the Sun—the Sun! the light, and all the necromancing atmosphere to the uncovered temples, there is at Abu Simbal a concentration of effects solid, stationary and almost oppressive with the added weight of its own gloom.

The size and solidity of the eight colossal columns that support the mountain's weight and leave a roof between, seem greatly augmented by the gigantic Osiris-figures that stand close against them, and yet the light from the door reaches through this great hall with such happy effect that it is both artistically and impressively beautiful.

The sculpturing on the side walls is full of spirit and the coloring brilliant. No part of Rameses' record of victory—that same wonderful victory over the Hittites to be read of at Karnak, Luxor, the Ramesseum and Abydos,—has lost any of its coloring on the darkest of temple walls; and, as though to prove his right to reward for so much prowess, he has here commemorated his marriage to the daughter of the Hittite king after he had made them both captive. An almost childlike portraiture this of subjects too aged to wake our enthusiasm or move our pity, and so we delight more in the walls' charming art than in the historical facts.

Eight small chambers, the smaller Hypostyle

Hall, the Transverse chamber and the Sanctuary reach far into the mountain's darkness, where beside the altar, in the utmost gloom sit waiting and watching the gods of light, and the deified king. Even into this blackness of darkness the kings would go in company with the gods of light—with Ammon, the Great Sun-god, with Harmachis the Young Sun-god, and with Ptah, but not even in the sometimes sun-filled great Hypostyle Hall would he consort with Osiris.

It was outside, in the full face of the Sun, that Rameses dismissing all gods, elected to enthrone himself alone. As in a great high backed stately sort of seat he sits—four colossal statues of him, guarding the temple door. Is it the goodly promise that is so beautifully sculptured in the cornice above—"I give to thee all life and strength"—that has changed the stony countenance of one of these colossi and given it a smiling benignity?

The seat-like appearance of the façade of Abu Simbal is produced by building the two sand-protecting walls at either side. Fortunately these walls do not dwarf the four colossal statues, whose seventy feet from base to crown measure harmoniously with the mountainous background and in so doing suggest the thought that only a monarch who never undervalued himself would have had the daring to seat himself against one of Egypt's mountains and still look "Rameses the Great".

Across the valley of the golden avalanches of sand that separates without separating this greater temple from its consort, the "smiling Rameses" may see how worthily he grouped, at the lesser temple's door, his royal family about him. The façade of the Hathor temple is, as it were, a pylon in bondage; never freed from the mountain against which its wide receding form rests. And again the likeness to pylon architecture was curiously departed from by carving out from the face of it deep recesses massively buttressed with stone. From these six recesses the colossal figures of Rameses and his queen,—three on either side the doorway,—walk with that noble and graceful bearing which suggests their being the chief personages in a royal procession that will shortly follow them out and across that valley of golden sand to join in the ceremonies of the "House of Rā".

Outside all this; inside the grace of simplicity. Six square columns, the head of Hathor many times repeated, sculpturing in bas-relief, the Hypostyle Hall, the Transverse Chamber, some lesser and unfinished chambers, and above them from its security in the architraves issues the voice of the king saying, "Rameses, the Strong in Truth, the Beloved of Ammon, made this divine Abode for his royal wife, Nefret-erē, whom he loves"—and—"his royal wife who loves him, Nefret-erē, the Beloved of Maut, constructed for him this Abode in the mountain of Pure Waters".

Since the name Nefret-erē signifies Good, Perfect, Beautiful in Companionship, it was fitting that Rameses should have dedicated this temple of modest mien to the fair and gentle queen "whom he loves" and also to have associated with her the supremest type of woman,—Hathor, the goddess of divine maternity.

Whether in the several pleasingly fair portraits of queen Nefret-erē her personal beauty has been enhanced by idealizing it, giving it the sweetness and grace of the divine type represented by the goddess-mother, the legend does not say, but certain it is her portraits in the Hathor temple, make good her right to her name's significance.

As out from the shadows of one of the tombs in the great Valley there floats the refrain of a tender human love—"Beloved"!—so from the mountain-hid shrine of Hathor the old love song—"whom he loves"—"who loves him"—floats out and across the golden sand valley of the Abu Simbal temples; out and on upon the waters that bear the listener into the farthest reach of this Land of Gold!

ADIEU

ADIEU

WITH the Rock Temples of Abu Simbal the Nile's temple-pilgrimage ends.

Farther south the Southern Cross joins the "constellated hosts" of the sky in their early morning watch over the foamy waters of the Second Cataract. Not in bondage, like the waters of the First Cataract, are these of the Second, but right gladsomely they come from that almost wilderness world where in the Blue Nile and the White have met, and here, before they take to the river's sober flow they make the most of their free play among the big and little boulders that beset the channel. Glistening in their purple-black beauty these cataract rocks are in sharp contrast to the vast stretches of golden sand that like a wind swept sea of amber, rolls over the plains of the Lybian desert.

Down at the First Cataract—so tame, so spiritless now—the whole landscape has its finality within the embrace of circling mountains, but here, at the Second, from the rocky height of Abooseer, it seems to be without finality. Splendid beyond compare is

the panorama that is only to be seen from the top of this great cathedral-like rock. At its feet lie the beauty rocks of the wide-spreading, foaming water way with islets interspersed—islets desolate and brown, islets fresh with green. Against its rocky sides the gold sand breaks in its cataract roll and fall, and from its overhanging top the view reaches to where sky and earth meet—

"How long they kiss!"
This sky and these quiet desert lands!

It is not that the Rock of Abooseer is really great in height, but it is so immeasurably higher than the ridges and cliffs that lead up to it, so dominating in the landscape that it seems so; and therefore to be lifted up by it, above the small and inconsiderable features about, is to see them from the vantage point of—in Egypt—a g r e a t height. The atmosphere is brilliantly transparent, no mistiness or cloud shadows to dim the entrance to the countless valleys of sand that comes rolling through openings in stony mountain wastes. No hindrance is there to catching bits of the gleaming Nile as it winds Northward through the undulating Lybian plain; nor any hindrance to watching the phantom-like forms of two twin mountains that lean against the warm skies of the Soudan—

"A last remains of sunset * * burned
* * * like a torch * *"
In one long flare of crimson.

When again, there come into view the stony amber cliffs that mark

—"the site once of a city great and gay,
(So they say)"—

Steps led up the cliffs' front once, and once a wall

"Shut them in"—

from a world, possibly as inconsiderable as that of the little Wady Halfa village across the river.

The apex of that pyramid of green whose base is so broadly planted at the delta, has, at the Second Cataract, come in touch with the joyous, far traveling waters and with them will, with sometimes more, sometimes less display of strength, retravel the whole thousand miles to the sea.

The pilgrimage that has been made over the various fields of "cloth of gold" has come to its end in the golden Land of Nubia.

The route has not been bordered with royal ensigns or festooned with masts, neither have religious feasts and festivals made ceremonious the temple visiting. None of these things, but, everywhere that "triumph over decay" which gives to the ruins of Egypt the qualities of greatness. For what ruin of Egypt has not—*"magnificence in decay—a symmetry broken but not destroyed, a touch of delicate art and workmanship to quicken the imagination and evoke the ghosts of beauty haunting her ancient habitations?" And too, Egypt's

*Henry Van Dyke.

ruins have—"a very clear connection with the greatness and glory of the past, with some fine human achievement, with some heroism of men dead and gone; and last of all, a spirit of mystery, the secret of some unexplained catastrophe, the lost link of a story never to be fully told".

To turn back, therefore, and take our way to all this again is to live it all over again, to

"Break the rosary in a pearly rain,
And gather what we let fall."

Again to watch the far rolling, the mysteriously shifting hills of the desert; again to penetrate into the strangeness of valleys and plains, again to watch the old river's mirthless flow; again to feel the inspiration and the charm of the days and the nights! To live this all over again is the happy chance that the return voyage gives.

Soon the "Land of Ethiopia" of the Greeks with its wide desolate plains, its curiously rounded hills—more green than golden—will be passing by. And when these are gone the old familiar hills will come slowly creeping across the plain to their home beside the river again; yet not in unbroken ranks, but as though they would cling to the plain. Here and there they form strange, almost grotesque groups; black, cataract-like stones crown their summits or roll down their pyramidial slopes—desolation of desolation—no life—

—"nothing throve;
* * —a burr had been a treasure trove."

and yet the very boundlessness of the desolation gives to all this region a profound magnificence. The sun does not desert it, neither the winds, nor yet is it left without its dower rights in Egypt's skies.

When the sun shall have passed over the lonely peak of the mountains of the Sun, and looked in at the portals of the Rock-hewn temples of Abu Simbal, he will go out upon the sandy plains again to there renew his guardianship over all that is left of the temples of which in the days of the Prince of Kosh rivaled those of Lower Egypt.

Wherein failed the guardianship of the great Rā and of the ever young Harmachis that we shall find only here and there a fallen column, a lovely capital, a pylon's foundation,—nothing warranting the name's claim that this is the "Temple of Rameses in the House of Rā?" And yet in all Egypt, Upper and Lower, there is no temple ruin so complete that it might not be called the "House of Rā"—for no court is so small that the Sun-god does not set up his throne within, no wall so broken that he does not lean his scepter against it.

As the red granite hills of Nubia begin to fade in the distance those of the golden brown take their place. The green fields broaden again and again the Shaduf men and the blindfolded oxen are at work between the thirsty fields and the river. Gray mud villages, huddled close within the confines of a palm grove, pigeon towers looking from a distance like a

section of some mediæval castle, the camels, the goat and sheep herds, and the funny little donkeys, all these come oftener into the landscape as we drop down the river toward Lower Egypt.

The winds also make more of their transforming powers than when they have only the nearby mountains to cross. The sandy plains they toss into waves, the water they send in dancing wavelets along the flat banks whereon the little sandpipers keep up their centuries of merry running to and fro.

To-day the East and West are meeting all along the banks of this river-of-mercy to Egypt, and to-day the prophecy, that the Englishman would "plant his foot firmly on the Nile's banks," has come true. Protection is in his outstretched hand, but a burning heart of endurance throbs within the haughty breasts of the sons of the Pharaohs. This the river heeds not, or, not until it is caught at the First Cataract and there protected against the use of its own free will.

Philæ again! and again the quick falling night that subdues the antagonisms of the days and weaves about them those strange transparencies through which one may read any truths of Egyptian history with unconcern.

Under the spell of this night-light it is easy, to reconcile differences, to feel the powerlessness of the day's experiences to disturb; easy to like better the soft mazes of silver light that have taken the place of the

more radiant gold, easy to feel at peace with the world English or Egyptian under the gentle influence of the luminous half-light that has taken the place of the resplendent color-belted horizons.

Standing, in this light, within the ruins of Karnak, looking up to where the shapely obelisk of Hatasu touches the blue, there comes no thought even so little obtrusive as that of comparison of objects or methods. The night is sublime; and, the obelisk, what of it? Nature may easily undo the work of man's hand in sending into the sky the sublimest of mountain heights, but in Egypt these imposing obelisks, that have withstood every form of Time's onslaught, are her sublimest miracles in stone!

When the tall sentinels shall have wholly disappeared from view, then too will have gone the plain of the once "Hundred Gated City" gone from view as has beautiful Philæ, and golden Nubia. The green fields will now be coming in greater numbers and soon the golden sands with all their fine, soft, glowing beauty will be withdrawing into the long sinuous valleys, but, the river so helpful,—so harmful—what of it?

"The river which had done them—"some"—wrong flows on—and will—

—"deterred no whit"—

bearing in its flow a sound all the world listens to—the sound of that song-of-the-centuries whose chorus-of-deeds done and doing, first resound through the splendid

arches of the pylons, through the columned halls of temples, through and into the tomb's grim shadows. Through all of these and out from them again it comes, to sweep with a never lessening volume across the dumb, desert silences; down and around the crumbling walls of the imperial City of Mena. Ever toward the sea on and on resounding;—winding its way among the foundations of the clustered pyramids; and then—by night—to pour into the listening ears of the omnipotently-silent Sphinx.

The whole secret of the song!

* * * * *

Dimly outlined against the evening sky are the Pyramids of Gizeh, dimly coming into view the circling Mokattan Hills, and dimly are the graceful minarets of Mohamet Ali's mosque pointing toward those floating "star-boats" that—as we come to anchor—will be dipping their sparkling oars into the glorious blue of Egypt's skies.

"Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,—
And Cleopatra's night drinks all. 'Tis done".

APPENDIX

THE POEM OF PENTAUR
ON THE
CONQUEST OF THE KHITI BY RAMESES II

THE POEM OF PENTAUR ON THE CONQUEST OF THE KHITI BY RAMESES II*

SEVERAL days after that King Rameses was in the town Rameses Miamon. Moving northward he reached the border of Katesh; then marched onward like his father (Mentu,) towards Hanruta. The first brigade of Ammon, 'that brings victory of King Rameses' (accompanied him). He was nearing the town; then the vile chief of Cheta came; he gathered (forces) from the margin of the sea to the land of Cheta; came all the Naharina, the Airatu, the Masu, the Kashkash, the Kairakamasha, the Leka, Katuatana, Katesh, Akarita, Anaukasa, the whole Mashanata likewise, nor left he silver or gold in his land he stripped it of all his treasures (which) he brought with him. The vile chief of Cheta, with many allies accompanying him, lay ambushed to northwest of (Katesh). Now King Rameses was all alone, no other with him, the brigade of Ammon

*Professor Lushington's translation in the "Records of the Past." ii p. 61.

marching after him; the brigade (of Rā?) at the dyke west of the town Shabutuna; the brigade of Ptah in the centre, the brigade of Set on the border of the land of Amairo. Then the vile Cheta chief made an (advance) with men and horses numerous as sand; they were three men on a car, they had joined with every champion of Cheta-land, equipped with all war gear, in (countless numbers); they lay in ambush hidden to northwest of the town Katesh; then they charged the brigade of Rā Harmachis in the centre, as they were marching on, and they were not prepared to fight. Foot and horse of King Rameses gave way before them; they then took Katesh on the western bank of Hanruta; this news was told the King; then he rose as Mentu, he seized his arms for battle; he clutched his corslet like Bar in his hour; the great horse that bore him, 'Victory in Thebes' his name, from the stable of Rameses Miamon, within the van. The King drew himself up, he pierced the line of the foe, the vile Cheta; he was all alone, no other with him. When he advanced to survey behind him, he found there encircled him twenty-five hundred chariots stopping his way out. Every champion of the vile Cheta and abundant land with him of Airatu, of Maasu, of Patasu, and of Kashkash, of Iriuna, of Katuatana, of Chirabu, of Akarita, Katesh, Leka, they were three men on a car, they made (a charge), there was no chief with me, no marshall, no captain of

archers, no officers; fled were my troops and horse. I was left alone of them to fight the foe. Then said King Rameses, 'What art thou, my father Ammon? what father denies his son? for what have I done aught without thee? have I not stepped or stayed looking to thee, not transgressing the decisions of thy mouth, nor passing far astray beyond my counsels? Sovran Lord of Egypt, who makest to bow down the peoples that withstand thee; what are these Amu to thy heart? Ammon brings them low who know not God. Have I not made thee monuments very many? filled thy temple with my spoils? built thee a house for millions of years? given treasures to thy shrine? dedicated to thee all lands, enriched thy sacrifices? I have slain to thee thirty thousand bulls, with all wood of sweet scent, good incense coming from my hand. The making of thy court completed, I have built thee great towers of stone above thy gate, groves everlasting. I brought thee obelisks from Elephantine; it is I who had eternal stones carried, guiding for thee galleys on the sea, conveying to thee the labours of all lands. When was it said such happened in other time? Shame on him who opposes thy counsels, well be to him who approves thee, Ammon. What thou hast done is from a heart of love; I call on thee, my father Ammon. I am amid multitudes unknown, nations gathered against me; I am alone, no other with me; my foot and horse have left me. I called aloud to them, none of them heard; I cried to them. I find Ammon worth more

than millions of soldiers, one hundred thousand cavalry, ten thousand brothers and sons, were they gathered all in one. No works of many men avail, Ammon against them, I attain that by the counsels of thy mouth, O Rā, not overstepping thy counsels. Lo, have I not done homage to the farthest end of the land?' My cry rang unto Hermonthis; Rā heard when I called, he put his hand to me, I was glad; he called to me behind; '* * * * * * * Rameses Miamon, I am with thee, I thy father Rā, my hand is with thee. I am worth to thee one hundred thousand joined in one; I am Sovran Lord of Victory, loving valour if I find courage, my heart overflows with joy; all my doing is fulfilled.' I am as Mentu, I shoot to the right, I seize on my left, like Bar in his fury against them; I find twenty-five hundred chariots, I am amidst them, then were they overthrown before my steeds; not one of them found his hand to fight, their hearts shrank within them; their hands all dropped, they knew not how to shoot, they found no heart to grasp the spear; I made them fall into the water as fall crocodiles, they tumbled headlong one over another; I slew them; my pleasure was that none of them should look behind him, nor any return; whoever falls of them he must not raise himself up. Then the vile chief of Cheta stood amid his army to see the prowess of King Rameses. The King was all alone, no soldiers with him, no horse, he turned in dread of the King. Then he made his mighty

men go in numbers, each one of them with cars, they brought all war harness, the chief of Airatu, the chief of Masu, the chief of Iriuna, the Leka, the chief of Tantani, the Kashkash, the chief of Kairkamash, the Chirabu, the allies of Cheta, all banded in one, twenty-five hundred chariots. Charging the midst of them fiercer than flame, I rushed upon them, I was as Mentu; I let my hand taste them in a moment's space, I hew at them to slay them in their seats; each one of them called to his fellow, saying, 'No mortal born is he whoso is among us, Set the mighty of strength; Bar in bodily form, verily whoever comes close to him, his hand droops through all his frame, they know not how to grasp bow nor spear when they have seen him.'

Coming to the junction of roads, the King pursued them as a griffin. I was slaying them, none escaped me; I gave a call to my foot and horse, saying, 'Be firm, be firm in heart, my foot and horse; behold my victory. I was alone, Tum (Ammon) my support, his hand with me.' Now when Menna my Squire saw me thus encircled by many chariots, he cowered, his heart quailed, great terror entered his limbs, he said to the King, 'My gracious Lord, Prince revered, valiant exceedingly, protector of Egypt in day of battle, verily we stand alone amid the foe, how make a stand to save breath to our mouth? how rescue us, King Rameses, my gracious Lord?' The King said to his Squire; 'Courage, courage, my Squire, I will pierce them as a hawk; I will slay and hew them, cast

them to the dust. What forsooth to thy heart are these Amu? Ammon brings very low them who know not God, who brightens not his face on millions of them.' King Rameses dashed into the van, then he pierced the foe, the caitiff Cheta, six times, one and all, he pierced them. I was as Bar in his season, prevailing over them I slew them, none escaped. Then the King called to his archers and cavalry, likewise to his chiefs who failed to fight. 'Naught profits full heart in you. Is there one of them who did his duty in my land? Had I not stood as Royal Master, ye were downstricken. I made Princes of you always. I set son in his father's estate; if any evil comes on Egypt, ye quit your service * * * * Whoever comes to make petitions I always pay regard to his claims. Never any Royal Master did for his soldiers what King Rameses has done for you, I let you sit in your houses and your towns; ye have not performed my hests, my archers and cavalry. I have given them a road to their cities. * * * * * Lo, ye have played cowards all together, not one of you stood to aid me while I had to fight. Blessed be Ammon Tum, lo, I am over Egypt as my father Rā; there was not one of them to observe my commands in the land of Egypt. O noble feat! for consecrating images in Thebes, Ammon's city; great shame on that act of my foot and horse, greater than to tell, for lo, I achieve my victories; there was no soldier with me, no horseman; every land beholds the

path of my victories and might. I was all alone, no other with me, no chiefs behind, no marshals, no captains of the army, no officers, all peoples saw and will tell my name to limits of lands unknown. If any warriors, relics of my hand, remain, they will turn at seeing me; if ten thousand of them come upon me, their feet will not stand firm, they will fly; whoever would shoot straight at me, down dropped their arrows, even as they approached me.' Now when my foot and horse saw, I was addressed as Mentu, the strong sword of Rā, my father, who was with me in time of need, he made all peoples as straw before my horses. They were marching one after another to the camp of eventide; they found all the tribes through whom I pierced strewn in carnage, whelmed amid their blood, with all brave fighters of Cheta-land with children and brothers of their chief. Morning lighted the field of Katesh; no space was found to tread on for their multitude. Then my soldiers came glorifying our names to see what was done, my cavalry likewise, extolling my prowess. 'What a goodly deed of valor! firm in heart, thou hast saved thy army, thy cavalry son of Tum, framed by his arms, spoiling Cheta-land by the victorious sword, Royal Conqueror, none is like thee. King fighting for his host on day of battle, thou great of heart, first in the fray, thou reckest not for all peoples banded together, thou great conqueror before thy army, in the face of the whole land. No gainsaying. Thou guardest Egypt, chastisest

lands of thy foes, thou bruiseſt the back of the Cheta forever.' Then the king addreſſed his foot and horſe, likewiſe his chiefs who failed to fight; 'Not well done of one of you, your leaving me alone amid the foe; there came no chiefs, officer or captain of hoſt to aid me. I fought repelling millions of tribes all alone. "Victory in Thebes" and "Nehrahruta" (my horſes) they are all I found to ſuccour me. I was all alone in the midſt of foes. I will let them eat corn before Rā daily, when I am in my royal palace; theſe are they found in the midſt of the foe, and my Marſhal Menna my Squire, with the officers of my household who were near me, the witneſſes of conflict who ſaw them fall before the King; with victorious ſtrength he felled one hundred thouſand all at once, by his ſword of might.' At dawn he joined in fray of battle; he went terrible to fight, as a bull terrible with pointed horns he roſe againſt them as Mentu ordering the fray, alike valiant in entering battle, fighting fierce as a hawk, overthrowing them as Sechet who ſend flames of fire in the face of thy foes; as Rā in his riſing at the front of dawn, ſhooting flames upon the wicked; one man amongſt them calls to his fellow, 'Mark, take heed, verily Sechet the mighty is with him; ſhe guides his horſes; her hand is with him.' Whoever approaches ſinks to ruin; ſhe ſends fire to burn their limbs, they were brought to kiss the duſt. King Rameſes prevailed over them, he ſlew them, they escaped not, they were overthrown under his

ſteeds, they were ſtrewn huddled in their gore. Then the vile Cheta Prince sent to do homage to the great name of King Rameses. 'Thou art Rā Harmachis, thou art Set mighty of ſtrength, son of Nut, Bar himself; thy terror is over Cheta-land brought low; thou haſt broken the back of Cheta for ever and ever.' Then came a herald bearing a scroll in his hand to the great name of Rameses, 'To soothe the heart of the King, Horus, conquering Bull, dear to Ma, Prince guarding thy army, valiant with the sword, bulwark of his troops in day of battle, King mighty of ſtrength, great Sovran, Sun powerful in truth, approved of Rā, mighty in victories, Rameses Miamon. The servant speaks to tell the king, My gracious Lord, fair son of Rā Harmachis, truly thou art born of Ammon, issue of his body, he gives thee all lands together, land of Egypt and land of Cheta, they offer their service beneath thy feet to thee, Rā, prevailing over them. Yea, thy spirit is mighty, thy ſtrength weighs heavy on Cheta-land; is it good to kill thy servants? thou exerciſeſt thy might upon them; art thou not softened? thou cameſt yeſterday and sleweſt one hundred thousand of them; thou art come to-day * * * victorious King, Spirit glad in battle, grant us breath of life.' Then the King rose in life and ſtrength as Mentu in his season. Then he bade summon all the leaders of foot and horse, his army all assembled in one place to let them hear the message sent by the great chief of Cheta to King Rameses. They

answered, saying to the King, 'Tis very good to let fall thy wrath, Prince, Sovran Lord, * * * * * who can soothe thee in thy day of anger?' Then King Rameses gave assent to their words; he gave his hand in peace, returning to the South, passing in peace to Egypt with his chiefs, his foot and horse, in life and strength, in sight of all land. Dread of his might is in every heart, he protects his army, all nations come to the great name, falling down and adoring his noble countenance. King Rameses reached fort Rameses Miamon great image of Rā Harmachis reposing in the royal palace in Thebes, as the sun's orbs, on his two-fold throne; Ammon hailed his form, saying, 'Glory to thee, son loved of us, Rameses Miamon (to whom we grant) festivities for ever on the throne of thy father Tum. All lands are overthrown under his feet; he has quelled (all enemies).' Written in year seven, month Payni, in the reign of King Rameses Miamon, giver of life for ever and ever like his father Rā * * * * To the Head Guardian of the royal writings * * * * * by the Royal Scribe Pentaur.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL KINGS OF EGYPT, WITH APPROXIMATE DATES.

First Dynasty

	B. C.
Menà	4400
Tetà	4366
Àtet	4333
Àta	4300
Ḥesep-ti	4266
Mer-bapen	4233
Semenptaḥ	4200
Kebh	4166

Second Dynasty

Betáu	4133
Kakau	4100
Ba-neter-en	4066
Uaínes	4033
Senṭà	4000

Third Dynasty

Ťaťai	3966
Nebka	3933
T'er-sa	3900
Tetà	3866
Setes	3833
Rā-nefer-ka	3800

Fourth Dynasty

Snefru	3766
Chufu	3733
Rā-ṭeṭ-f	3700
Chā-f-Rā	3666
Men-kau-Rā	3633
Shepseskaf	3600

The dates are those of Brugsch Bey, as published in "Egypt under the Pharaohs", ii., p. 311.

Fifth Dynasty

Userkaf	3566
Saḥu-Rā	3533
Kaka	3500
Nefer-Rā	3466
Rā-en-user-Án	3433
Menkau-Ḥer	3400
Ṭet-ka-Rā	3366
Unas	3333

Sixth Dynasty

User-ka-Rā	3300
Tetà	3266
Meri-Rā	3233
Meren-Rā	3200
Nefer-ka-Rā	3166
Mer-en-Rā-Ment-em-Saf	3133

Seventh to Eleventh Dynasties

Neter-ka-Rā	3100
Men-ka-Rā	3066

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Seventh to Eleventh Dynasties—Continued

	B. C.
Nefer-ka-Rā	3033
Nefer-ka-Rā Nebi	3000
Ṭeṭ-ka-Rā-maā-kes (?)	2966
Nefer-ka-Rā Chenṭu	2933
Mer-en-Ḥer	2900
Senefer-ka	2866
Rā-en-ka	2833
Nefer-ka-Rā Tererl	2800
Nefer-ka-Her	2766
Nefer-ka-Rā Pepi-senib	2733
Nefer-ka-Rā Ānnu	2700
.. .. .. kau-Rā	2666
Nefer-kau-Rā	2633
Nefer-kau-Ḥer	2600
Neferàrka-Rā	2566
Neb-cher-Rā	2533
Seānchka-Rā	2500

Twelfth Dynasty

Amenemḥā I	2466
Usertsen I	2433
Amenemḥā II	2400
Usertsen II	2366
Usertsen III	2333
Amenemḥā III	2300
Amenemḥā IV	2266

Thirteenth to Seventeenth Dynasties

Here comes a break of five hundred years, in which the "Shepherd Kings" rule falls.

Eighteenth Dynasty

Aḥmes	1700
Amenḥetep I	1666
Thothmes I.	1633
Thothmes II Thothmes III	1600
Amenḥetep II	1566
Thothmes IV	1533
Amenḥetep III	1500
Ḥer-em-ḥeb	1466
Heretic Kings	1433

Nineteenth Dynasty

Rameses I	1400
Seti I	1366
Rameses II	1333
*Merenptah	1300
Seti II	1266

*(Pharaoh of the Exodus)

Twentieth Dynasty

Setnecht, Rameses III	1233
Rameses III	1200
Rameses IV Rameses V Rameses VI	1166
Rameses VII Rameses VIII Rameses IX Rameses X Rameses XI Rameses XII Rameses XIII	1133

Twenty-first Dynasty

Ḥerḥer	1100
Piankhi	1066
Pi-net'-em	1033

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Twenty-first Dynasty—Continued	B. C.
Pa-seb-chā-nen I	1000
Men-cheper-Rā	——
Amen-em-ȧp-t	——
Pa-seb-chā-nen II	——
Twenty-second Dynasty	
Sheshank I	966
Osorkon I	933
Takelot I	900
Osorkon II	866
Sheshank II	833
Takelot II	800
Sheshank III	——
Pimai	——
Sheshank IV	——
Twenty-third Dynasty	
Pet-ṭu-Basṭ	——
Osorkon III	766
Twenty-fourth Dynasty	
Bak-en-ren-f	733
Twenty-fifth Dynasty	
Shabaka / Shabataka	700
Taharka	693
Twenty-sixth Dynasty	
Psamṭek I	666
Nekau	612
Psamṭek II	596

Twenty-sixth Dynasty—Continued	B. C.
Uaḥ-ȧb-Rā	591
Ȧḥmes II	572
Psamṭek III	528
Twenty-seventh Dynasty	
Cambyses	527
Darius I	521
Xerxes I	486
Artaxerxes	465
Xerxes II	——
Sogdianus	——
Darius II	——
Twenty-eighth Dynasty	
Amenrut (Amyrtaeus)	——
Twenty-ninth Dynasty	
Nai-f-āa-u-rut I	399
Muthes	——
Pa-sa-Mut	——
Nai-f-āa-u-rut II	379
Thirtieth Dynasty	
Necht-Ḥer-ḥeb	378
Teḥer	360
Necht-neb-f (Nectanebus)	358
Thirty-first Dynasty	
Ochus	340
Arses	338
Darius III	336
Conquest by Alexander the Great	332

HERE, then, ends Under Egypt's Skies, written by Mrs. Lydia Ethel F. Painter, and made into this book by Helen Bruneau Van Vechten, at the Philosopher Press which is in Wausau, Wisconsin, at the Sign of the Green Pine Tree, and finished this fifteenth day of November, MCMX.

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